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OVERLAP

World Teacher – Other World Style Education & Agent – Volume 1: Birth

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Chapter 0 – Prologue

"——… …is——… …——eply… …respond!"

In a certain country, referred to as carrying the heart of the continent, a central, multistorey building; the president's office.

If it was like it usually was, it would be a room with marble floors and made up with expensive ornaments. But at the present time, it had been reduced to something that one would hesitate to look directly at; a disastrous scene.

The floors and walls broken by bombs and gunfire, the decorations that are now garbage.

And countlessly scattered about————dead bodies.

Blood flows from all of those bodies, and as anyone could see, there is no hope for their survival.

Nay, there was just one moving figure.

There is one man who was wearing extra protective clothing, similar to full-body tights.

As the man is lying face down, he tries to get up, but unable to support his body, he often falls.

The man who had abandoned standing up, crawls forward, leaned his back onto a nearby wall and caught his breath.

And then switched on the earphone type communicator that is attached to his ear.

"… …battle lost, this is… …Code Accel"
"Are you ok!? Report the situation!"

In the midst of the countlessly scattered about dead bodies, there was just one that had worn obviously high class clothes.

It was not just the forehead, there are innumerable bulletholes covering the entire body, its original form slightly falling apart from the aftermath of the

bombs. *That* was this building's owner, and also was the man's target.

"The target is… …disposed of. All that's left… …*cough*, the cleanup… …is it?"
"Wait! Isn't that the last resort? Hurry up and escape!"
"Ha, haha… … that's impossible."

The man looks at his own body.

The traces of several gun shots in the abdomen, the left foot lost from below the knee.

This body—with left hand sensations also practically nonexistent, and where even speaking is painful—is a flawless embodiment of a body covered in wounds.

With the remaining movable right-hand, he takes out a small terminal unit from his pocket and releases its safety device.

That is an explosive detonator.

Having already been calculated, the countlessly set bombs will reliably destroy the building if activated.

Even involving the unmoving man right here.

"Don't give up! I'll send a pick up! Oi, is the helicopter ready?! Authorization? Get it later!"

The other side of the radio becomes noisy.

The man's comrade becomes desperate and appears to be hurling out orders, but there's already no time left.

The moment the man opened his mouth to stop them, the sound of a door being wrenched open reverberated from the other side of the radio.

" " "Teacher————!!" " "

What was heard were the voices of the man's apprentices.

Amongst the flurried sounds, the sounds of five men and women—as if taking up positions in front of the microphone—are audible, and the apprentices' shouts could be heard.

"Teacher, please don't give up!"
"We'll soon pick you up, so please wait for us!"

“There’s still plenty of things that we want to be taught!”
“You promised… ….didn’t you?”
“Teacher! Teacher… …fa, fa… …ther! Fatheeer!”

Although he should have already convinced them before the operation that there was also the possibility that it would turn out like this, it appears that they couldn’t endure it.

While it worries him that their spirits are inexperienced and have a long way to go, he also feels happiness at the affections being thrown towards him.

Mustering his strength, the man issues an order.

“Form a line!”
“ “ “!? Yes!” ” ”

Perhaps the result of training, the distracted apprentices answered perfectly.

“Want I want to say… …you know… …right?”
“ “ “It is ‘don’t stop walking forward’.” ” ”
“That’s… …good. If it’s you guys… …it’ll be okay. Have confidence in yourself… … and live.”
“ “ “… …yes!” ” ”

The apprentices seem to be frantically holding back their tears, but no matter how you listen to it, the voices that could be heard were tearful; right about now they’re probably shedding a flood of tears.

“Fu… …sorry, for my apprentices.”
“No… …no problem. It’s their natural right.”
“I see.”
“Is it already… …impossible?”
“That it would turn out like this… …you knew… …right?”
“… …yeah.”

I desperately stifle the anguish, the discord, and finally my voice escaped.

“There are… …things that… …I’ve bequeathed. I can go… ….smiling.”
“… …leave the rest to me.”
“I leave it to you. Being together… …with you… …was… …fun.”
“That’s my line.”

The man has lost too much blood, his eyes could no longer see, and his consciousness had also become faint.

No matter what the result was, the operation succeeded.

I’ve entrusted everything that had to be.

But my last task remains.

With his remaining strength, the man flipped the switch on.

The faint, reverberating crushing sounds.

They steadily became larger, and they finally arrived at the man’s ceiling.

The man accepted the falling rubble, while directly experiencing it.

And then the man is… …

Chapter 1 – The Fastest Training Plan

Even if I do say so myself, I believe my life was tumultuous.

The torture in the pretext of training, being taken around everywhere in conflict areas with a ‘going for a stroll’ frame of mind.

During those turbulent days, I had become United Japan’s 37th Special Covert Operative… …the so called ‘Agent’.

Thereupon I met my comrade, and together, I continued to fight.

Spending all of my time fighting, at around the time I had passed 50 years of age, I retired and became an educator for the next generation.

‘Education’ was something that was difficult, but I believe that the days that I spent engrossed in it were enjoyable.

During those pleasant days, behind the scenes, a certain shadow organisation proceeded with secret maneuvering to have the world subverted.

The people who were to obstruct that shadow organisation’s size of an enterprise were, after great consideration, cautiously chosen.

And then… …I was selected.

I once possessed skills that made a name for me in the world; the selection is the result of my credibility and achievements.

But in reality, ‘it’s a retired ossan, so there’s little harm in it, even in the worst case scenario where he dies’… …is an afterthought based on the organisation-esque calculations of profits and loss.

‘No matter how you look at it, it’s a conspiracy’… …is how my comrade objected, but I accepted that.

It is because if I succeed with the elimination of the target, my comrade was promised to become part of the organisation’s senior management.

After being made to make a blood-sealed pledge, I make preparations, and attempt the operation.

The result… …I am dead.

Although it was a drawn out telling, I want you to think of me as having had spent a life that was by far, widely removed from those ordinary people. Having also gotten older, I take pride in having an iron heart that is not perturbed by ordinary occurrences.
And yet… …I am shamefully flustered.

“Au—, Auaua—!”

Why have I become a baby!
Even though that’s what I wanted to yell, probably as this body’s vocal cords aren’t developed, even words are impossible. These surprisingly tiny hands and feet, this body which won’t move to my satisfaction even though it is my own body. Despite being an absurd state of affairs, I somehow clearly understand that I had become a baby.
No matter how optimistically I had lived my life in my previous existence, these state of affairs are unacceptable.
As my confused self and composed self quarrel with one another, a shadow is cast over my face.

“———……——……—”

A woman is looking at me and speaking.
However, without my undeveloped ears successfully picking up the words, I don’t even know what is being said.

Calm down, let’s try to sort out the situation a bit. With composure, I quickly and accurately transition to analysis. To calm myself, I look back through my memories.
At what probably became my last operation, I disposed of the man who was the target, but I had myself suffered a fatal wound. Escape had become impossible, and to also include the destruction of evidence, I chose to to disappear together with the building.
When I awoke, I was a baby.

… …yea, I've calmed down but ultimately I don't get it. Even though I undoubtedly should have died, for some reason I became a baby. That I had gone through [Reincarnation] makes sense but, why do I still have my ego and memories?
Moreover, despite being able to recall the life I had led, I can't recall the names of my former comrade and apprentices. The pinpoint holes in my memories, the situation in which I couldn't obtain any information, and this body. In the present condition, I am unable to come up with answers no matter how much I think about it, and there's also nobody that can give me answers either.
Stopping at the thought of 'anything more than this is useless', for the time being I tried observing the person in front of my eyes.

A woman with grey hair tied up in a bundle behind her head, with sky blue eyes.
There are a few wrinkles on her face, so she was probably approximately past marriageable age, but all flattery aside, she is thoroughly a beautiful person. If I wasn't a baby, I may have made advances on her.
However, I wonder why she is wearing maid clothing? Cosplay? No, from her appearance, is this a foreign country? While I was absentmindedly thinking, she gently held me up in her arms, and started to hum something that sounded like a lullaby. I don't understand the contents nor the words. But at her gaze filled with kindness directed at me and the restful rhythm of the humming, my awareness becomes distant.
Although there's a heap of things that I must consider, without resisting the pleasant feeling, I let go of my consciousness.

One month had lapsed since I had awoken.

The world that I know of is still this room only.
Approximately 6.5 tatami in space, there was nothing but the low-height bed which I slept on, a table and a closet. This room that doesn't even have any books, can be summed up perfectly in one word; dreary. The material of the coverlet also has a slightly harsh texture, and with the various other things, there's a somewhat out of date feel to it.

Well now, it was a month where I did nothing but eat and sleep, but my body is

developing favourably.
Unlike before when sounds were difficult to hear, as if coming from a broken speaker, my ears had also become able to clearly distinguish sounds. And although I can't walk yet, I have become able to move my body somewhat. However, inversely proportional to that, fuel consumption had exceedingly worsened. In other words, I had become hungry.
If it were as usual, the food arrives with the best timing, as if you'd question whether they were surveilling me, but today of all days, it's late. 'I must think up some kind of plan for this'… …I had started to think of countermeasures, and at around time, the door opened.
It was the entrance of the grey haired maid-san who is taking care of me. Speaking of that, even though a month has gone by, I haven't seen anybody else other than this maid-*san*, have I?

"———……———————"

Yep, as usual I don't know what she's saying. My ears had become able to hear what they are saying, but I'm completely ignorant of the language. As I had flown about throughout the world in my previous life, I was proficient with languages, but not one of those languages has any consistency with this one.
However it's not that big of a deal. As long as I'm listening, I'll probably eventually remember it, so I decide that 'now is the time to prioritise the meal'.

"——? ———————"

Oh? It appears that today there's not only grey-haired maid-*san* but one more person.
Let me see…I wonder what kind of person—……whah?

"——, ————, ————"

The grey haired maid-*san* gave instructions to the other person and left the room.
No no, wait a moment. Who on earth is this woman who is approaching me with a smile on her whole face? She's wearing maid clothes, so she probably came to help take care of me, but there's a point I sort of want to retort to.
This girl, why in the world does she have [cat ears] on?
Seemingly full of life, her age is probably somewhere between a young lady and

an adult. With red hair in a ponytail, she is a considerably adorable girl. But the cat ears on her head bothers me. It's not that I particularly dislike them, but the first thing that comes to mind is a cosplay cafe. That's what came to mind but, no matter how you look at it, these ears are moving. And even with a lovely *blip blop*.

"——, ———?"

Moving the surprised me, the girl in front of me held out a spoon with the food on it. As there isn't a baby bottle or anything, I am being fed this way with a spoon.
I still have questions, but I'm hungry so I decide to eat. Although, it's something like milk with some kind of food mixed in it and doesn't really taste nice.

"——! ————"

Every time I eat from the spoon, she squirms delightfully.
It's a bit annoying, but for the time being, I devoted myself to eating silently.

Although the meal had ended, cat ears-*san* was smiling and gazing at me without getting tired of it. You're one of *those* people aren't you? The type of person who has a weakness for cute things, right? Although, as there are no mirrors here, I don't even know whether my appearance is cute or not. Leaving aside my appearance, now that my stomach is now bloated, let's resolve one question shall we?
Honestly, are those cat ears real?
I point at the cat ears and try to appeal to her that I wanted her to let me touch them. No, not grab your finger, *your ears* for crying out loud. Even though she thinks about it for a little bit, cat ears-*san* brings her head closer and let me touch her ears. Yep, warm. I tried checking as far as the roots, but they're definitely growing from her head. This is real, this is.

"——! ——,———————,——……"

I'm immersed in an indescribable feeling, and cat ears-*san* claps her hands as if she had thought of something. She closes her eyes, raises her index finger and with a *murmur murmur*, is muttering something.

"———!"

Right after having uttered a cry with her fighting spirit, at that instant, a flame suddenly appeared at her fingertip.
……eh, fire? But there's no lighter or anything, from where exactly did the flame?
Ahh I see, is it something like a sleight of hand? But I don't think 'fire' is something that becomes such a beautiful sphere and floats in mid-air.

"———♪"

I'm confused over here, and in front of me cat ears-*san* is happily rotating her finger.
While the sphere of fire is doing impossible movements and is matching that rotation, it flew about in cat ears-*san*'s surroundings. I can't find *any* trick-like objects.
Is this possibly [Magic]… …maybe?

"——!"
"—!?"

At the same time as that conclusion arose within me, grey haired maid-*san* returned.
Having realised that, cat ears-*san*'s movements stop, and at the same time the sphere of fire also disappeared. Without speaking, grey haired maid-*san* beckons over cat ears-*san*. With a scary 'come here' smiling face. The ears and the tail of the cat ears-*san* that was heading that way is dejectedly drooping; it was somehow soothing.

Cat ears or tails which don't exist on normal humans, and the existence of magic.
Things that absolutely didn't exist in my previous life where the whole world had been unravelled.
I had presumably stepped away from intellection, but it seems that I must soon obediently accept reality.

This is… …*nooot* Earth.

Three months since I woke up.

My neck is steady, crawling movement was possible.

When the pair of maids aren't watching, I break out from bed's fencing, and devoting myself to gathering information from my surroundings; it's how I'm spending my time everyday.

Making various rounds like that, I was deepening my understanding of the current situation anew. I confirmed that this isn't Earth, and as there are things such as magic, it's probably okay to call it an [other world].

Well well, that the [other world reincarnation] that my otaku colleague had spoken so much about would happen to me. Although I have already died once, 'life' is something incomprehensible.

The level of civilization here is, if in Earth terms, probably closest to Europe's Middle Ages. Among other things, candles are the main for light and there's no trace of things like electrical appliances so it seems inconvenient, but instead, there's magic.

I move in search of new discoveries, but it'll be meal time before long.

I decide to return to my room before maid-*san* comes. Today it's probably cat ears-*san*'s turn to come.

"Here we are, it's time to eat. I'll feed you a lot. Aaan♪."

Oh yeah, I had finally become able to understand the previously incomprehensible language. It's probably also due to the learning speed of a baby, but I think it's largely thanks to this cat ears-*san*. As this girl is immensely officious and at the same time loquacious, she comes to speak to me, to the extent of being arduous. If one is *covered* in the native language, then its acquisition is also fast. Being able to understand the language, naturally I also confirmed my name.

Sirius… …that is my new name.

The actual situation is unknown, but thus I gained a new life.

My name in my previous life has disappeared, but so long as I have my 'self', I think i'll live properly as 'Sirius'. I might be saying something cool, but the me in reality is in the position of being fed by someone else, so there is a discrepancy.

"I wonder if the meal is finished?"

Grey haired maid-*san*, amended to Erina-*san*, came to check up on me. With

her impeccable outfit, she has on the captivating presence of an expert maid today too. Although she's probably younger than I was in my previous life, holding respect for the other party when they're a professional is my own way of thinking.

"Ah, yes. At any rate, Sirius-*sama* eats neatly doesn't he? Although I had heard that babies meals were harder to handle?"
"It's probably true for normal children, but Sirius-*sama* is special. He will *undoubtedly* make a name for himself in the future."

An expert maid, but somewhat containing a doting parent.
I had certainly considered whether Erina-*san* was my parent, but after hearing conversations it seems like she's not. Her speech and conduct *is* that of towards one's superiors, and I have the feeling that she's closer to a lady-in-waiting rather than a maid. For that reason, the 'doting parent' expression is also a bit strange, but the eyes aimed this way are completely the eyes of a parent. Considering my age, rather than a doting attendant, there's no mistake, it's the expression of a doting parent.

"I know right. It's almost as if he understands my words. Aah, even so, he's really adorable."

The name of cat ears-*san* who is entranced with me, is Noel-*san*.
She's in the middle of her maid training at Erina-*san*'s side, but she still has a long way to go, as she hasn't left her age-appropriate childishness.

"I wonder how soon he'll call me 'onee-*chan'?* Ah, but 'onee-*sama*' is also difficult to give up…"

Yep, this girl is fine without an honorific title.

"The meal is over now, right? I'll ask that you do the cleaning next."
"Understood!"

Noel gives a reply filled with vigor. From behind her, Erina-*san* comes and affectionately holds me in her arms, and left the room with me. Heading towards the entranceway as is, it had been decided that I am going outside for the first time in my life.
I don't know whether this world has four seasons or not, but outside the weather is fair and warm. It seems as if I were to take something like an

afternoon nap, it'd be comfortable.

"Today the weather is warm, isn't it? Let's take a stroll outside for a bit shall we?"
"Ai—"
"Yes, please leave it to me."

Brought along by Erina-*san*, we take a leisurely stroll around the house.
The exterior of the house is a splendid two-storied wooden construction. There are six rooms, and I think it's a house a bit more spacious than the average house. As they add a [-*sama*] to my name when they address me, I'm thinking that I'm living in a mansion as an upper class noble. This yard is quite large, and in several places the planted vegetable gardens, trees and shrubs were neatly arranged.
And then after going around the house once, I incidentally notice it. But this house, it's perimeter is completely covered by the forest and not one sign of other residences can be found? At best, there's only a maintained path that continues ahead of a main gate-esque structure, and what was left of the surroundings, the forest is the only thing visible. It's the kind of remote region that can't be passed off as a rural area.
I occasionally see a rabbit that has sprouted horns, jumping out from the thicket, making me believe that 'this is really another world isn't it…'.

"Sirius-*sama*, that is called a [Horabi]. It has a timid disposition, but it is a monster so you must not approach it."

Yeaah, although I had expected it ever since I was aware that 'there is magic', sure enough it's a world with monsters isn't it?
It seems that it's usual for there to be things like dragons and other creatures which were just imaginary in my previous life, so it seems like it's better if I start training my body from tomorrow onwards. Should I stop pretending to be a baby to some small extent and start training? If I show them that I can crawl after a while and they get used to the speed of my development, any distrust of the abnormal development thereafter will also probably fade. It would be ideal if, one month after I become able to walk, they'd smile and watch over me even if I jogged.

"……Erina-*sama*."

“Ara, is the pruning complete perhaps? ”
“Yes.”

Turning towards the voice, an onii-*san* with pruning shears in his work clothes appeared from between the trees.
To me, he is the third human discovered.
He was a young man with short brown hair and sharp eyes, he was also tall and in some respects engendered a ‘difficult to approach atmosphere’. If it was someone he was meeting for the first time, it seems like they would hesitate before accosting him.

“Apus have grown. Let’s bring some out for today’s evening meal.”
“Is that so? It’s Noel’s favourite food, so she will jump up and down with delight.”
“Yes.”

Perhaps he is not good at speaking with others, his words are few and direct. As his expression has not changed one bit for a while now, if it was the previous world, he would definitely be certified as having communication sickness.
Perhaps she knew that I’m *observing* him, Erina-*san* introduced Dee to me.

“Sirius-*sama*, this is Dee Mas. He’s our house’s gardener and chef.”
“Erina-*sama*, it’s impossible for a baby to understand…”
“That might be true, but if I don’t properly introduce you in advance…”
“…..that’s true. Please call me Dee, Sirius-*sama*.”
“Ai—”
“!?”

He probably didn’t think that I would reply, Dee’s expression slightly fell apart.
It’s really meaningless, but I feel like I won.

“……looking forward to the future right?”
“Yeah, truly.”

The pair’s eyes narrow, their gazes converge.
The future……huh. If I was able to speak at this stage, I’d say something like ‘to be ready for any troubles that may occur, I’ll train my body’. Before that, there’s no sign of the people that would be the most involved in my future.
I’ve never seen them, and since there aren’t anything like photos, I don’t even

know their faces.
As if avoiding it intentionally, the topic hasn't come up at all. I also am pretending not to have noticed, but it's suspicious enough.

My parents—I wonder where they are?

Chapter 2 – Why What Magic

I didn't know my parents in my previous life.

At around the time I reached the age of discretion, I was in an institution. Even that institution was destroyed by crime-terror.

I alone had survived. I drifted around, and am picked up by a certain woman.

As an eccentric who lived deep in the mountains—in what could also be called one of the most secluded regions that people don't travel to—she was an abnormally strong person.

That I was able to have survived for even sixty years, is probably thanks to being trained by this woman, my shishou.

In other words, until shishou passed away, it could also be called a continued experience of living hell.

Until this very day, I haven't even seen the faces of my parents. They *are* my parents, but whether it's about my past parents or present parents, I'm not *that* discouraged by it.

All in all, my mind is of an over sixty year old ossan, and there's also Erina-*san*, Noel and Dee here, so i'm not particularly lonely.

At any rate, at the present time, with the necessities of life all at my disposal, the only thing to do is to train the body as early as possible.

Half a year has past.

As usual and hopefully as always, by eluding maid-*san*, I perform the exercises that are part of my daily routine.
I call it 'exercise' but it's closer to calisthenics: like raising my arms and feet. Since if I were to go overboard with my infant body, it's certain that fatal damage would result. Looking at it this way, I have a proper plan which I carrying out.

The designer was shishou.

"I wish I picked you up before you reached the age of discretion… If I had done that then you probably would had become a warrior that surpassed me…"
"Before becoming a warrior, I would've been killed by shishou, no doubt about it."
"That's, you know, 'exploit them until they die'. Hey, I'll think up of some proper adjustments for them."
"Like I said, they would be dead!"

She gleefully told me about the plan which she had gone as far as attaching a name with no naming sense to it: [Hell Training from Birth]. I never thought that *I* would be the one doing it. The training content was both merciless and heavy, but it made sense so I revise it with my own set up to finish it off. It's extremely tough, but being able to actually feel my growth with every passing day is pleasant.

The other day I appealed to them of my ability to crawl.
The instant Noel witnessed that, her ears and tail stood up, and she did a full powered dash to Erina-*san*. When I demonstrate it again in front of all of them, they are delighted and looked like they were going to jump up and down in joy. Usually Erina-*san* doesn't drink alcohol, but she is in high spirits during dinner and appears to have gotten drunk. It seems that her doting parent level also continues to rise day after day.

One year since I was born.

My body is growing favourably. Even the daily exercises are now being changed to muscle training with push-ups, sit-ups, *etc.* It'll soon be at the point where I want to train my stamina by jogging. My walking debut is also not far off.

"Over here, Sirius-*sama*. Please have a look at it today too, okay~"

Still, Noel's frivolous manner is the same.
Even though she *had* been made to stop by Erina-*san* with a 'using fire is dangerous', she still comes to show me magic; perhaps there's something fun about it? Although, I also eventually want to use magic, so coming to show me magic helps me out.

“I entreat. Decipher the way of fire, and please embody the emissary of the fire spirit. [Flame!].”

She shuts her eyes, and when she finishes saying the phrase required in order to emit the magic, a fireball appears. No matter how many times I see it, it’s mysterious. For example, what kind of fundamental truth is it using, or what’s it using as fuel?

“Fufu—, with this, onee-*chan*’s dignity is secure, right? Anything other than this doesn’t go well though.”

Just a minute onee-*san*, all kinds of things are shining through. You simply want to behave like an onee-*san* should? like an onee-*san*？ From the viewpoint of someone with a mind of an *ossan*, it was something adorable: like a child trying to do something beyond their power with all their might.
Is it redundant to add that afterwards she was eventually discovered by Erina-*san* and was scolded?

The next day, after getting out of bed, I finish my strength training and tried to make an attempt at magic. If only there was also a textbook…but to begin with, I really can’t find *any* ‘books’ around. Setting aside whether paper is valuable or not for later, other than the fireball that Noel showed me, I had no information about magic. In the meantime, I tried out following the same steps as Noel, but……nothing happens. Is it my power of concentration that is insufficient, or some other factor?
After that, I did some trial and error for a while, but in the end nothing happened. It can’t be helped, maybe try and ask them once I become able to hold a conversation? It’d be unpleasant if I was told something like ‘you have no talent for it’ though.

After lunch, everyone was assembled in the living room.
Within the postprandial mellow atmosphere, Erina-*san* and Noel are knitting. Dee was preparing the tea. Sitting on top of the rug, and looking at the three of them, I executed *that* strategy.

“Erina-*san*, Sirius-*sama* is looking over here?”

“You’re right. Perhaps he’s interested in knitting?”
“Eri—”
“!?”

The knitting material dropped from Erina-*san*’s hands.

“……Sirius-*sama*. Once more. Once more please.”
“Erina—”
“Aa……Aa……”

Overcome with emotion, she was moved to tears!

“Sirius-*sama*! Me too, me too please! Noel! No-e-l!”

Your face is *close*.
It’d be amusing to play the fool and say ‘Dee’, but it seems like she’d seriously become depressed if I did, so let’s call out her name shall we?

“Noel—”
“Kya—! Sirius-*sama*, please call me ‘onee-*chan*’ next—!”

Taking advantage of the situation, what is this girl *saying*? I’ll ignore that request.
Turning around, Dee had also come closer, and is pointing at himself as if to say ‘what about me?’.

“Dee—”
“……yes”

As usual, there’s no change in his facial expression, but he has his eyes closed as if basking in the lingering sound. But my turn has not yet ended. Putting strength into my feet, I stand up. Heading towards Erina-*san* who is wiping away her tears, I slowly took one step forward.

“Si-Sirius-*sama*!? Might that be…”
“He’s walking! Sirius-*sama* is walking!”

Walking briskly all of a sudden would be eerie, so I advance while occasionally pretending to stumble. It’s was just a distance of five steps, but when I finally safely reached the end of Erina-*san*’s arms, which were spread out in wait, I was interposed between two people.

“You did it splendidly Sirius-*sama*. Erina is proud!”
“He’s a genius! This gentleman is without a doubt, a genius!”

The pair are boisterously dancing and I’m being jostled about. It hurts a little. Without appearing to stop them, Dee also spoke of a feast and disappeared to make dinner preparations. Maybe I went a little overboard.

On this day, there was a hard time of getting Erina-*san* to stop (like you would a baby) gulping down the wine.

The next day, I again extended my walking distance. Since I had the feeling that *these people* seem like they’d brush off any abnormal development with their ‘amendments of a doting parent’. It looks like there won’t be any issues with starting to jog in half a months time rather than after one month.
The problem is magic. As it’s something that didn’t exist in any form in my previous life, I have absolutely no idea how I should make a start on it. Although it’s only a few words, I’ve removed the embargo on language, so I’ll try and somehow get information out from Noel.

“Today I’ll show you different magic. Uum, if i’m not mistaken……it’s not dangerous if it’s this one, right?”

Noel had came today as well, but she was grasping a book in that hand of hers. Nice going Noel. I’ve been waiting for that. Although you probably planned to hide that you’re reading from a book, what you’re doing is obvious, so hurry up and show me that book.
I point at the book, and with all my might I try to get her to show me the book.

“Eh, do you have an interest in this? Hmm, please wait a bit.”

Presumably she went to get Erina-*san*’s permission. Previously she would have probably showed me without any concern for things like permission, but perhaps she has matured a little?
While I was being a little bit impressed by her growth, Noel had gotten permission and returned.
I wonder if it’s to read together, she places me on her soft lap, and the book that I had waited eagerly for, [Elementary Level Magic Guidebook], was opened. ‘I’ll read it for you faster than Noel’ is how I pretended to be clever, but I can’t read

the writing can I? Reluctantly, I waited for the oral reading.

"Uuum, 'magic is a original general principle. Even now it's a phenomenon which hasn't yet been elucidated, but it brings about blessings to all peoples: an omnipotent existence'……is what it says. I have no idea what it means."

This girl…she responded with a smile on her whole face.
It might sound weird coming from someone like me who can't even understand the letters, but *you're* the one using that magic, so put some effort into understanding it, will you. Although she didn't understand it, Noel continued to read the rest of it aloud. The author's grammar is extremely tortuous, and I also couldn't read the letters, so even though I could understand it, I had a hard time. I think I'll try—in my own way—to sum up what I understood.

Magic is a phenomenon that uses the maryouku overflowing throughout the world to occur.
Maryouku is something that isn't visible to the eye, but exists everywhere; even us humans are living with magic inside of us. Consuming that maryouku within the body, and invoking a fireball like Noel did, is what common magic is.

It seems that drawing 'magic squares' and pouring one own's maryouku into it to invoke magic is also possible. This is used in things called 'magical tools' such as those which light up the night, or start the fire for cooking. The drawing itself is an exceedingly delicate process, and perhaps because you have to invoke the magic via the magic squares, the resulting force is weak. Once you've drawn it you can utilise it repeatedly, as long as it hasn't worn down, so it's fixed into everyday items.

There *are* other magics. For example, there are also those who borrow the power of spirits to evoke [Spirit Magic].
Spirits……it seems like a word that people with chuunibyou would like. But the biggest obstacle is being liked by the spirits; it appears that spirit magic users are extremely rare. They're existences that can't even be felt without being able to see them, so a person can only wait for a spirit to approach them. The requirements to be liked by the spirits still haven't been elucidated.

Putting aside the very enigmatic spirits, an aria is required for magic

invocation. With the movement of the mouth and the chanting of the aria, the maryouku inside the body is gathered, and the magic is invoked. It seems that *if* there are specific keywords, then the magic will be invoked. As an example I'll try and cite what Noel used: [Flame].
[Be aware of the general concept of 'fire', desire it such that you yourself can think up and bring fire into existence]……is what it says, but if you have the keywords that have been handed down, it *will* be invoked. For example there are researchers who work day and night for the sake of shortening the aria as much as possible. [Flame] is an elementary fire-attribute magic, and the exact same aria that Noel recited also appears in this book.

As you use magic, your maryouku decreases, *and* you feel a corresponding amount of fatigue. It starts with a lethargy that attacks your whole body, eventually you faint, and if you're not careful, it seems that you can even lose your life.
The amount of maryouku inside a person's body is determined at birth and appears to be why there's an unbelievably large variation of maryouku amounts between people. It also seems that the amount grows, but it's growth rate is extremely low. Growth only requires the repeated use of maryouku to its very limits and recovery, but that maryouku recovery is exceedingly slow. The example listed in the guidebook is that after one year, it'll increase of the order of one times worth.

'The more you use it the more it increases' is like muscle training, but because of the inefficiencies, it's probably better to do it in one's spare time.

Or rather, if one's own maryouku is insufficient, can't they just depend on the external maryouku?
Maryouku is in the atmosphere, so if one were to use that, they should be able to become strong with ease, to use a massive amount of it. As I am thinking that, in the guidebook it's written that such a thing is 'meaningless'.
Apparently it's because one's own maryouku and the maryouku in the air are different in nature.
For example, if what humans were using was black coloured maryouku, then the maryouku throughout the atmosphere is white coloured maryouku. The forced conversion from white to black uses maryouku, so even if you gathered a

massive amount of it, you'd have to subtract that conversion amount, and thus the magic would end up not having that much force. Ah, so that's why 'meaningless' was written.

In the same way that one's personal maryouku is important, so is the [Attribute].
This also seems to be decided at birth, and the attribute does not change in one's lifetime. Noel used [Flame] so her natural aptitude is with fire.
The fire attribute excels in fire magic, the water attribute excels in water magic, and if the attribute is known, then the direction of the magic is also naturally decided.
Also, it's not that you also can't use other attributes, but among other things, its power would drop dramatically as a result.

Just as she had finished reading the part about attributes, Noel shut the book.
Perhaps it was because I was totally engrossed in listening, quite a bit of time has passed.

"Fu—, let's stop around here for today shall we. I'm also tired from reading aloud."
"Good work. I've already prepared some tea in advance, so please have a rest."
"Wah! Erina-*san*, when did you…"

Looking back, Erina-*san*, who had given a soft smile, had brewed some black tea.

"Just now. That aside, you're thirsty right? I'll take charge of Sirius-*sama*."
"Thank you."

Being held in her arms, I am then transferred over to Erina-*san*'s lap.
The lap of a young Noel also feels good, but as expected, Erina-*san* is special. There's an amazing sense of security. Erina-*san* picked up the book while affectionately patting my head.

"You were very studious weren't you? It seems like if it's Sirius-*sama*, he'll unintentionally use magic before long."
"Ahaha, that's not going to happen. Even *I* had an immensely hard time with the elementary level, and to begin with, he can't even read the letters, you know?"
"That's true. However, I can't help but think 'if it's Sirius-*sama*…'."

“Weeell, even *I* can’t completely deny that. Even so, that’s several years too early.”

Like that, the pair drank their tea while laughing.
I see, if it’s me……eh? If they have great expectations of me, then I ought to live up to those expectations. First I have to start with becoming able to read the alphabet.

“Attribute huh. By the way, what might Sirius-*sama*’s attribute be?”

I also wondered about that.
I don’t particularly have a pickiness for a specific attribute, but I think that it seems like it would be convenient if it was fire or water.

“Let’s try and find out shall we? There’s a judgement tool in my room. ”
“It’s *that* isn’t it? Just a minute, I’ll go fetch it. ”

The attribute judgement tool that Noel brought is, a spherical crystal placed into the center of a small wrapping cloth, it’s appearance was of a simple construction. However, there is a complex pattern drawn on the wrapping cloth, so I guess *this* is the magic square written about in the book.
The basic four attributes: [Fire], [Water], [Wind] and [Earth] are drawn on the magic square, and apparently it’s arranged in such a way that when you place your hand on it, the crystal shines with the attribute colour of the person who touched it.

“Umm, pour maryouku into it, startup……there. Preparations complete.”
“Well Sirius-*sama*. Please put your hand over here.”
“Ai”

While getting a bit excited, I placed my hand on it.
The change is in an instant, the crystal casts a glaring light and I instantly closed my eyes. It was something that I was watching intently at point blank range, so it would’ve been dangerous if I was late in closing my eyes. Because I reflexively removed my hand from it, by the time I had opened my eyes, the light had vanished. It had disappeared before I could see what colour it was.

“Erina-*sama*, that was…”
“Yeah, an intense light. However……”

Are? The pair's expressions and words are somewhat stiff. As there isn't any indication that they'll stop me, should I try it out once more?
This time, while protecting my eyes with the opposite hand, I check the crystal's colour.
And now, the colour of the light emitted by the crystal is…

"As before, colourless……isn't it?"
"No way……"

Are? Why are you two making such sad-looking expressions?

I thought it was a pretty intense light, but is this the 'it's hopeless pattern'? Something like, 'you seriously have no talent', is it that kind of punchline?
A bit bewildered, I was gently hugged closely by Erina-*san*, who had a face that seemed like it was about to cry at any time.

"God is……cruel. Sirius-*sama*. I will……I will protect you without fail."
"Me too—."

Why are you turning your compassionate eyes towards me? For heaven's sake, please explain it to me. There's no way that my wish would reach them, and the two of them showed more concern for me than usual.

But [Colourless]……is it?
I have a bad feeling about it.

Chapter 3 – I Want to Use Magic, the One-Year-Old Ossan

Several months after it was confirmed that my attribute was [Colourless].

With the exception of an excess amount of skinship and affection, time passed by without any major problems.

Since then, I was read various books and can now understand the writing, so I can now read books by myself.

I suppose that if there was a baby who could read books after one year and a bit, it'd be nothing short of eerie.

It appears that the books of this world are valuable after all, and there also *are* several worn-out second-hand books; still, Erina-*san* happily provisions the books for me one after another.

Is it already like *that*? Where I don't have to worry about being seen by these people? The doting parents within them will resolve everything.

Changing my attitude to a more serious one, I continued to read the book and various facts came to light.

As I expected, this world's level of science is like that of my previous life's medieval period. There was the notion that magic occupied this world, so the word 'science' didn't exist, but instead 'alchemy' became the mainstream. It truly is a standard of tales: a world of swords and magic.

It also depends on the continent, but there are four seasons and one year has a fixed 360 days; it's subtly different from my previous life.

It's a rather spartan world with: nobles and commoners; like Noel, a great variety of races; and demons here and there.

In other words, it turns out that life is nothing but cheap. I will capitalise on my knowledge from my previous life, train my physical strength and magic, and shall live through this life to the fullest.

However……it has been decided that I *will* experience setbacks with my magic.

Elementary Magic Guidebook.

Within the guidebook there's an outline of the attribute judgement tool, and the meanings of the colours are also properly written down.

Red is [Fire].
Blue is [Water].
Green is [Wind].
Yellow is [Earth].
And my colour, colourless…is [None]

That's right, the attribute of my aptitude is nothing.
It's not something positive like being able to use all attributes freely, but rather, it means that I have an aberration that causes a downward adjustment for all four attributes. Although, the activation of magic tools has no connection with attributes, so there wouldn't be any issues in one's day-to-day life.

"Are you serious?……"

I unintentionally let out my voice.
The book that I'm holding in my hand is [Albert's Book of Travels].
This author was a traveller that had wandered around the world, and the book is a collection of the chronicled regional customs, mysterious phenomena encountered, *etc.*
It's basically an autobiography, but it *is* interesting as there are also various other things written in it. For example: a region with a waterspout that didn't stop after a whole year, the strange traits of the cat tribe, and the unique rituals of the silver wolf tribe.
Within that unusual reality, [Colourless] is mentioned.

I excerpt the following from a portion of the book:

I continue wandering and several years have passed.

I'm spending my time encountering various people, various races and also a

great variety of ways to use magic; every day has truly been meaningful.

However, every time I catch a glimpse of the discrimination within races or the wealth disparity due to aristocratism, I become saddened.

In a certain town, I came across a person who had no attribute from the time he was born.

There was not one thing in which they excelled in; for that alone, that person was scorned as an 'incompetent' and subjected to cruel treatment.

[Incompetents].

Even though such people are fewer than those who are liked by the spirits, I wonder why they discriminate against them?

It's something that I don't understand.

And yet, if everyone looked at the breadth of the world, without spending their lives as if they were the only ones in the world, such a thing could be said to be insignificant in comparison.

You have a manly spirit, don't you, Albert……err not that, the problem is the point that those who don't possess an attribute are called [Incompetent].
In this society I'll be treated as an incompetent. So *this* is the truth behind why Erina-*san* and the others are commiserating.

The radiance of the crystal was strong, so I'm sure that at least my maryouku volume is above average.
However, for the Colourless, it seems that even if you tried your best, you wouldn't be able to use anything but elementary level attribute magic; at best, you could reach the point of being able to use magic tools for a long time.
From the moment I was born, I was burdened with a handicap.

……well, whatever.

I'm originally an *ossan* that came from a world without magic anyway.
It doesn't mean that I can't use magic at all, and I have knowledge and experience of things other than magic. Rather, wouldn't an enemy let his guard

down when he finds out that I'm an 'incompetent'? No matter what kind of animate being it is, as long as I use their negligence and weaknesses, I can handle most things with just one knife. Leaving that aside, I don't care what it is, this *ossan* wants to try and use magic.

It was written in the Elementary Guidebook, but magic without an attribute also exists.
It appears that it's also called 'no-attribute magic', but apparently it's a branch of magic where, other than a few spells, there are practically no humans who use it.
One of those spells is [Light].
It's just as one would imagine from its name alone: a magic that produces light; it's apparently employed as an introductory magic for beginners. Perhaps that's why only the necessary keywords for invocation are written down and the aria isn't written down in detail. So it's okay if I just put in the keywords and chant something aria-esque? If that's the case, then maybe even I can do it.

"Sirius-*sama*, it's your onee-*chan*, Noel here. How might you be feeling right now? Do you feel like saying 'onee-*chan*'?"

Just as I'm about to try chanting, Noel appeared together with her foolish utterance. Although it seems that this young girl cravingly wants to be referred to as an older sister, I definitely *won't* do it.
Since she's already here, that works too; let's have Noel demonstrate [Light] for me.

"Noel—, magick—"
"Eh? Ah, no—……okay. Do you want me to use this?"

Ever since *that*, she doesn't use magic in front of me.
Although it's obvious that she's being considerate towards me, the incompetent, I'm not at all bothered by it. I point at the page with [Light] written on it, and resolutely attack with the innocence only afforded to a baby.

"I wonder if it's alright… But, this *is* a no-attribute spell……yep. Okay!"
"O—!"

Quick decisions are a Noel-ism.

"But I haven't really used that much no-attribute magic before, alright? As I

end up using fire magic if I need lighting.”

Ah—, no doubt if you were of the fire-attribute, then that’d be the case.
Perhaps trying to recall the aria, she closes her eyes, places a finger on her brow and groaned.

“Uu~m……’wipe away the darkness’……wasn’t it? Well, here goes.”

Noel takes a deep breath and her atmosphere completely changed.

“The source of evil influence, the power to cause tremors; that which possesses both powers, and emits the radiance of gusts of wind that illuminates a dark night; brush away my darkness.”

The aria is *long*!
This is the *introductory magic*?
Ahh, there isn’t any research on shortening the aria being done *because* there’s not that many people who use it?

“[Light]!”

At the tip of Noel’s finger a light is lit.
It seemed faint and ephemeral, shining as if something was pouring out; a beautiful ball of light. I try to touch it with my hand, but it doesn’t feel hot.
Nevertheless, it’s hard to verbalise the sensation that I definitely felt from my hand, I wonder if this ‘something’ is what magic is?
It hadn’t even been one minute, but Noel extinguished the magic, and a few drops of sweat had surfaced on her forehead.

“Fuu, as I thought, maintaining no-attribute magic is tiring. Although if it was fire-attribute magic, it wouldn’t tire me out to this extent.”

Regarding her ‘it’s more tiring than using fire-attribute magic’ impression, is the amount of consumption of maryoku higher for no-attribute magic perhaps?
When I touched it, what I experienced was a feeling that maryouku was leaking out, similar to turning a tap and letting water continue to flow out. It’s my personal opinion, but depending on the aptitude, isn’t there something or another that acts as an aid for the other attributes?
Even if I try to verify it, only Noel would know, and I want to eventually do a full-blown investigation into it anyway.

“Amazing—”

“Ye, yeah! It’s amazing right? Feel free to praise me more. As I am the best!”

She was extremely happy when I clapped my hands. She had even become beside herself with joy. After that, with other duties to complete, Noel left the room.

Once I was alone, I decide that I would also try doing some magic.
I had seen an example of it. All that remains is to put what I saw into practice.

“The source of evil influence, the power to cause tremors; that which possesses both powers, and emits the radiance of gusts of wind that illuminates a dark night; brush away my darkness.”

As part of my acting, my tone of voice is usually childish, but all the same, I ought to chant the aria diligently.
When I visualize the light that Noel had shown me, my whole body started to become feverish. It wasn’t the kind of heat you’d get with a fever from catching a cold, but the feeling of your whole body activating: like when you do light warm up exercises. When I sense that feeling beginning to gather from my whole body towards my fingertips, I speak out the words of invocation.

“[Light]!”

In my hand, a sphere emitting a faint light is produced.
It’s almost the same as the one produced by Noel, but this is the first time I used magic. As usual, the principles are unknown, but actually trying it to use it like this is very moving.
Whoops, I had become excited to the extent of it being unbecoming of my age. How about I calm down and commence the experiments? First is, whether this light can be moved or not. Visualize, a small amount forward……ok. The light flies forward in the same way that I visualised it.
From there I further wanted to make it move up and down but just when I was about to try, the light vanished.

“Are? I don’t recall making it disapp—……”

The view before my very eyes slowly become slanted. Nope, I’m collapsing.
Even though I knew that, my body wouldn’t listen to me, and I collapsed onto the bed. And what came thereafter was an intense fatigue. Might this be…

“Ahh……so this is maryoku exhaustion?……”

It’s exactly like the example written in the book. Although I knew *of* it, this is fairly intense.
I could probably have forcibly moved myself if it was the previous me, but it’s an impossible task with the body of a baby who hasn’t matured.
But I think I could produce the light for approximately ten seconds? What’s more, I also moved that light, so the degree of maryoku consumption was probably altered. As it is, it really wouldn’t be fit for practical use. I wonder how many times I should experience this fatigue…
It’s seems like there’s a long way to go, let’s sleep.

The next day, I did my usual muscle training.
After a day had passed, the tired feeling had disappeared completely, if anything, my condition feels better than before. At any rate, since it seems that my maryoku is satisfactorily recovered, I’ll try and get some practice.

Yesterday I collapsed without getting much testing done, so today I think I’ll try and investigate what my own limits are.
Because I was in an excited state at that time, until my maryoku had become empty, I didn’t notice. How much maryoku consumption is required for it to be arduous on my body, and also, am I able to turn the magic off?
Let’s begin with first being acquainted with a feeling of how much maryoku I have within myself, and the danger line: if I use more than *this*, then I’ll faint.

Chanting, I produce the light and standby. When I concentrate without doing anything else, I caught the feeling of maryoku escaping from my body. I have a feeling that it’s similar to a bleeding sensation.
Fatigue gradually descended upon me, so in my mind, I commanded the [Light] to disappear. The light properly disappeared, so while I let out breaths of relief, I confirm my physical condition.
Yep, there’s a sluggish feeling but it’s not a problem.
The duration is thirty seconds, this is the limit for now huh? It could be within range of measurement error, but I have a feeling that I’ve lengthened it compared to last time.

I continued to train my maryoku in this manner…

While under an unexpected misunderstanding.

Chapter 4 – Erina's Struggle

I, Sirius, had turned three years old.

My body has become more and more bigger, and has developed to the extent that I can even run around without incident.
I mean, I'm in the middle of running a marathon in the yard right now.
It's a cycle of: running at a constant pace which is set to place a burden on the body, resting when I pass my limits, and starting to run again.

"Fuu, that's it for today."

I reach today's quota and break into the finishing cooling down exercises.
Noel, who had accompanied me in the marathon under the pretext of dieting, is going beddy-byes beside me.

"Hii……hii……Si, Sirius-*sama*—……why……are you……fine?"
"Although one of the reasons is your lower physical strength, it's because you didn't run at your own pace."
"I, I seeee——……"

With those last words, Noel had used up the last of her strength.
Although, what you ran was about half of what I ran, was it *that* arduous?
While I persuade myself with 'she's not the physical strength type, that's just the way she is', I finish my cool down exercises.
At the same time, Erina-*san* offered me a towel and a drink.

"Thank you for your hard work, Sirius-*sama*."
"Thank you Erina."

By the way, 'I would like you to address me without an honorific' is what Erina-*san* requested of me, so I'm only attaching a -*san* to her name in my mind. While I'm rehydrating myself, I look towards my feet and see Dee tending to Noel.
These two have opposite personalities but they appear to have good chemistry between them, there's also the fact that they're close in age as well; they get along fairly well.

"Don't strain yourself."

“Thank you……Fuu, very much—”

Erina-*san* is also gently smiling and watching over the pair. I’m also looking at them, faintly smiling to myself. I leave the rest to the young people; should I take care of my body?

The well water had already been drawn. When I place that water in front of me, my new face comes into sight. Having already reached three years of age, my facial features have become easily distinguishable; personally, I think it’s not a bad face. The hair is black and the expression of the eyes also gives off a gentle impression. My outward looks are more in the direction of ‘cute’ rather than ‘handsome’. I suppose that there’s not that much of a difference even if you tried comparing it to the faces of the other three people; it’s a face without any unusual features: an average face. At least it doesn’t appear that it was a ‘miss’, it’s the kind of thing where *only after* I ascertained that could I feel at ease. Only, the strength of my powers of observation is lacking. As things like being able to intimidate others is also somewhat influenced by one’s appearance, this gentle face is probably a minus. It’s something to be worked on.

I’ve finished taking care of my body, so next is doing some magic practice?

Incidentally, using the opportunity of being three years old, I had showed the three of them that I could use magic. En masse, their eyes became dot-like, and they became unable to move, as if time had stopped; it was a quite a sight.

“Sirius-*sama*, as it’s about time for lunch, Dee and I are going back.”

“All right. I’ll go back after I do my magic practice.”

It’s the same with my physical strength, but I’m also steadily training my magic.

Also, the duration of continuous [Light] was just short of ten seconds, but nowadays I could sustain it for up to a minute. Using simple math, it’s six times longer. If it truly is as it’s written in the book, then isn’t this growth capability abnormal? There are various reasons that I can come up with to account for it, including: I have got the knack of it; practicing since I was one years old, *i.e.* at an early stage of my life; *etc.*

But I think the biggest factor is the speed of the ‘cycles’. A cycle consists of a repetition of: bleeding out my maryoku to its limits, and once it has recovered, bleeding it out again. It appears that my maryoku recovery is somehow faster

than others. That's the reason why I can do more repetitions than most people.

The variety of my spells had also increased a little.
There is a low number of no-attribute magic spells to begin with, so including [Light], there were only three spells listed in the book. Just how unrecognized is it?!
The newly memorised spells are [Impact] and [String].

First of all, if one were to simply explain [Impact]: it's a spell that hurls a mass of maryoku.
You collect the maryoku in one place, let it fly, and then it hits its target. It's questionable as to whether you could call it 'magic', but unfortunately it's power is also questionable.
By nature, maryoku is something that has no mass. Precisely because you are forcibly fortifying such a thing, *and* making it hold mass, it also has a low solidity. If I was to give an example, it's at the level of throwing a rubber ball. To make matters worse, its range is also short: when you're slightly distanced from it, the maryoku disperses and ends up disappearing. Honestly, throwing a stone is stronger. It's the result of not having any research conducted on it.

[String] is a spell to create strings out of maryoku.
You can extend the maryoku strings, and wrap them around things and pull them towards you. You could think of it as a person that fires spider webs. Speaking of spiders, what about doing something like I saw in a movie in my previous life: shooting out my maryoku strings and flying around between trees? That's what I looked forward to, but it's impossible. Maintaining its form is difficult, and its strength per unit area is also weak. At best, it's limited to pulling down twigs or fruits, and it'd swiftly snap if you tried to support something like a person.
It seems somewhat more useable compared to [Impact], but in the eyes of society, the practical utility of this spell is also low.

That concludes a description of the two disappointing spells, but it ultimately depends on how they're used. If I can't skillfully use the attributes, then there's a need for me to master these spells.
For that reason, I used them in earnest, and had continued to persevere with raising my maryoku. I'm now focusing on raising my physical strength rather

than my maryoku, but I eventually also want to do some magic modification or magic research.

Now then, let's get it all done without stopping until lunch has been prepared, shall we? I aim my hand towards a target I had hung up on a tree and shoot out an [Impact].

"Slumbering truth from the depths, evil spirits that wheeze at me; the devil's bombardment that is released from the origin of power, [Impact]!"

A baseball sized, colourless and transparent ball of maryoku shakes the target. If a stranger saw it, then they'd probably just see it as: 'the target is merely swaying by itself'. The size of the maryoku ball *can* be adjusted, but naturally, the bigger I make it, the greater its maryoku consumption and the more difficult it is to maintain. As I am now, if I used this about ten times, I'd reach my limit. I shake the target precisely ten times and stop. Aa—, no matter how many times I do it, this lassitude is intense.
As I'm taking deep breaths and calming my body down, Noel looked over here as if she wanted to say something.

"Is something wrong, Noel?"
"No, I was just thinking 'to be able to use [Impact] that well is amazing~'."
"'Amazing', is it? Even though it does absolutely no damage?"
"The fact that you are able to use it this quickly is *too* amazing. Are you really three years old? You are not lying about your age?"
"It's because Noel often showed me magic. After seeing all that, I got the hang of it."
"Eh? Then it's thanks to me, isn't it?! The shishou of a future great magician-*sama* eh? That's me!"

Noel-*san*, you're so easy to handle.
It was also a means to change the subject, but it *is* true that I had reached this point because Noel was here.
Taking Noel, who is banzai-ing in spite of being tired, with me, I returned to the house.

Three years since I was born.

Being watched over by Erina-*san*, doing stupid things together with Noel, eating Dee's cooking.

The safe and happy days.

Sooner or later, the end will come for even this closed paradise that is isolated from the outside world.

Its footsteps are definitely drawing nearer.

Several days later.
It's usually a restful morning, but today it was somewhat flurried. While wondering what was going on, I wake up, finish changing my clothes and headed towards the dining room to eat breakfast.

"Good morning."
" " "Good morning." " "

At my greeting, the three of them cleanly replied all together. I had just sat in the chair when I notice it. Noel and Dee's attire is different from usual. They aren't maid clothes nor work clothes, but clothes for going out, or rather, garments that are easy to move in. This is the appearance of people who are going to go out shopping.

"Are, are the two of you heading out today? You went out shopping just the other day, didn't you?"
"Actually, earlier, the fire magic square broke. It's a bit sudden but I'm having the two of them go."

Our house is to some extent self-sufficient, but there are things that we can't construct, like magic tools and the like, so every several days someone goes to the town to go shopping. I've never gone there before, but from what I've heard, it seems that even the closest town is half a day's distance away by foot. Using half a day to travel, staying one night in the town, and then returning, so even if it's just going out to buy things, it takes two days.
It's a mystery why we're living in such a remote place, but I'm personally not experiencing any inconveniences from it, so I've just been ignoring it.

"If fire-attribute Noel is going at the same time, then won't we be unable to

light any fires? Erina-*san* is of the water-attribute right?”
“If it’s just for today and tomorrow, there’s no problem. As we have a fire stone.”

A fire stone is a mysterious mineral which emits an intense heat when maryoku is poured into it and a hammer, *etc.* is smashed into it. A shortcoming is that it can’t be used unless it’s about the size of a fist, but using it involves placing easily combustible materials inside of it and pounding on it from above with a hammer.

“Do you have any requests for a souvenier? Although something too big is impossible.”
“Nothing in particular. As long as you both return safely, that’s enough for me.”
“Uu……I’m touched by Sirius-*sama*’s kindness.”
“……Please leave it to me.”

It appears that Dee was formerly an adventurer, and his knowledge of things related to travelling is plentiful. He has gone shopping scores of times before, so I’m not actually *that* worried for them. Having finished eating their rye bread and soup that consisted of meat and vegetables boiled together, the pair promptly departed.
I also finish my meal, and perform my daily routine of running and maryoku depletion. I silently reach my quota, and while I was reading a book it had become noon.

“Sirius-*sama*, do you want to eat outside today?”
“Yeah. Let’s do that, shall we? ”

Per Erina-*san*’s suggestion, I’m having a midday meal on a table in the yard. Today’s lunch is Erina-*san*’s handmade sandwiches. The ones that Dee made are also delicious, but Erina-*san*’s ones are, again, also exceptional. Especially the ones interposed with salted meat and several types of vegetables, those are my favourite; the exquisite distribution of meat and vegetables is the best. I’ll get her to teach me the recipe next time.

“Here you are, some after meal tea.”

When I had become full, a herbal tea called ‘erica’ is prepared for me. There’s a bit of a bitter taste, but I like this erica tea quite a bit. It’s good weather today. In

the warm sunshine, enjoying after meal tea with elegance—……hm?

"……Erina, aren't there any Apus or the like? I'd like some dessert."

Apus are an apple shaped fruit.
It looks exactly like an apple, but it's a tad bit smaller and the flavour is closer to a strawberry.

"Certainly. As there were some in the kitchen, I'll go bring some over."

Floating a smile, Erina-*san* disappeared into the kitchen.
The moment she was completely out of my sight, I spit out the mouthful of tea in my mouth, and had the ground soak up the entire contents of the cup. I did this because the instant I had put it in my mouth, I felt a sensation that I was familiar with from my previous life. Since it's a new body, it might have been my imagination. However, if my intuition is right, then this is a soporific.
However, it's incomprehensible. To what ends would someone ever want to try to force me to sleep? To be able to sell me off? No, that's not likely. I can't imagine that the people who have thrown that much affection at me would do that. Although I have no clue as to what their intention is, in this situation I'll pretend that I drank it. Although it was only a small quantity, the mucous membrane of my tongue likely absorbed it; but perhaps it's supposed to have a delayed effect, I don't feel any sleepiness yet.
Later on, I eat apus together with Erina-*san*, and once I experienced a slight drowsiness, I commence the operation.

"Fua……"
"Are you tired? Shall I prepare your bed for you?"
"Uh huh, yeah. I wonder if I'll have you let me have a short afternoon nap? "
"Understood. I'll have it ready soon, so please wait in the living room."

From just yawning, to preparing the bed……is it? Isn't it nearly assured that the line of reasoning that 'Erina-*san* is the person who put in the soporific' is right? It's fine if it's just my imagination. However, there's Noel and Dee's abrupt shopping trip, and Erina-*san*'s behaviour somehow gives me an uncomfortable feeling. There's no way that I can run away, so for now let's just go with the flow.

Lying down on the bed in my room, with my eyes closed, I raise my maryoku.
I do that because my body is activated when I maintain the state of pre-magic

invocation, so any slight sleepiness is blown away.
A few minutes after that, a light knock was audible from the door. When I wait without replying, the door opens without a sound. Naturally, the person who appeared was Erina-*san*, probably here to confirm whether I was asleep or not.
Now then, what's going to happen? Don't be suddenly taking out a knife and going *stab* or something on me now.

"……I am……y."

'Knife or whatever, bring it on!' is how I put myself on guard, but it ended up being a groundless fear. She was just stroking my head while murmuring in a voice too small to follow. It felt so good that I was about to fall asleep for real, but perhaps being convinced that I was completely asleep, without making a sound again, she left the room.

When I groan from having not solved the mystery, a voice that I was unaccustomed to was audible from outside the window.
The sound of the horse's footsteps, a horse's neigh, and a males voice that isn't Dee's. Even though there hasn't been any visitors at all during these past three years, what's going on? At any rate, is *this* the reason for Erina-*san*'s suspicious behavior?
Peeping outside through a crevice in the window, stopped in in front of the entrance way is a four-seated carriage with a hood attached to it. Two people had come with it. Sitting on the box, the coachman jii-san is stretching his body and takes a break.
And now, my eyes are naturally drawn towards the lone man who is disembarking from the carriage. He is indeed an *ossan* with the looks of a noble. He was noble-like, but he is a bit plump and looks unreliable. Also, compared to Dee's face, his is at a pitiable-level. Around the time a bad feeling starts to form in my mind, the man had stepped into the entranceway.
I put my ear to the floor and search for their position. My room is on the second floor, but the footsteps of two people are headed towards the parlour of the first floor. It might be a chance to clarify all the parts that were, up until now, ambiguous. Without making a sound, I slip out of my room, and I sneak up as far as the front of the parlour door. The door is rather thin, so I could easily hear the voices inside.

"……thank you very much for taking the time to visit here today."
"Hmph, good grief. For what reason did *I* have to come to such a remote place?"

I was just in time to hear the start of the conversation.
But what's this? Erina-*san*'s voice is mechanical, with absolutely no emotion put into it. This is the first time I've heard such a cold hearted voice. The man facing her was just as I expected him to be. I had seen them in my previous life, a representative of the overweening prideful remarks of all sorts of egotistical useless bosses.
By some chance……no, let's concentrate on the pair's conversation for now.

——— Erina ———

This day had arrived after all.
In truth, I didn't want to ever meet him again, but this also can't be helped.

"……thank you very much for taking the time to visit here today."
"Hmph, good grief. For what reason did *I* have to come to such a remote place?"

For the person who shut us up here to say that, are there perhaps defects in your memory?

"By the way, where has the unsociable man and subhuman gone? Not giving their greetings even though their master has arrived, what's the meaning of this?"
"They are out shopping and not currently here. They won't be back until tomorrow."
"Then it's fine. Since even just seeing their appearance makes me feel disgusted."

Even though you don't even want to see them, you insist that they greet you. Are you even aware that you're contradicting yourself? To make matters worse, you settled on calling beast-kin Noel with the contemptful utterance of 'subhuman'. As usual, a narrow-minded man, aren't you.
He has been pointlessly increasing his number of wives lately, and I hear that there are rumours going around about him being on the decline due to his

artless abilities.

"What about *that*? Even though his father has come, why won't he show his face?"
"Sirius-*sama* is currently resting. As he has a slight fever, I've isolated him."
"Sick is he? I don't need someone with a frail body. It's not worth considering a spare with a frail body."

What is he calling a 'spare'? Sirius-*sama* is *not* your tool.
I saw him violate ojou-*sama* in order to satisfy his own personal lust, and he is even insulting Sirius-*sama* who was born from that.
I want to punch him in the face and send him flying *right now*. However, he is also the person who has control of the money to raise Sirius-*sama* and political power. Endurance. If I endure it then Sirius-*sama* can remain safe.

"But, a spare is no longer needed."
"……what do you mean?"
"The other day, my legal wife finally gave birth to a second son. With that, it's now possible to curtail unnecessary expenses. "
"!? C-congratulations."

No way……this is bad, very bad.
Although Sirius-*sama* is an illegitimate son, he is a second son. Therefore, just in case something happens to the eldest son, he has been providing money to have Sirius-*sama* raised in secret. Despite this, as far as he's concerned, once the second son is born, he's finished with Sirius-*sama*? Sirius-*sama* is a child that doesn't exist?
I don't want to be concerned by *this* man's heir nor succession, but as long as Sirius-*sama* grows up safely, that's all that matters. That is a promise between ojou-*sama* and myself. My own wish.
That's why you have to think Erina! Sirius-*sama* is still only three years old. I…… have to protect him.

"Another reason is that my second, and third wife also had a daughter. That's also good, but I still want to have two male successors. Oh yes, my eldest son is five years old and can now write the alphabet. I'm looking forward to his promising future, hahaha."

Five years old? I think that *is* on the early side, but still, Sirius-*sama* was able to write the alphabet when he was two.
Probably from a stranger's point of view, that gentleman's rate of development is surely seen as an abnormality. However, I get happy whenever I see his figure that grows larger with every passing day. Through thick and thin, no matter how limitless his growth continues to be, I want to watch over that gentleman forever.
But if this sort of man found out about Sirius-*sama*'s abilities, then he would exploit them without fail.
That's right, Sirius-*sama* is two times different to those people over there. 12 years……no, when he's 10 years old, for sure. What I can do is show them that I'll do anything.

"That is, a promising future. I've also seen various children in my time, but I think that's a rarely seen development."
"I see. There's no mistake, the second son will definitely become something big as well. The future of my house is bright."
"It's presumptuous of me, but how is the physical condition of your son doing? I heard rumours of a recent epidemic."
"Hm? That's right. The eldest son is healthy, but since the second son was just born…"
"Sirius-*sama* is not sick but just fatigued. But a baby is probably susceptible to an epidemic."
"*hmph*, I get what you're trying to say. 'Don't stop the support of *that*', is what you want to say, isn't it?"
"……Precisely that."

The fact is that there is no guarantee that this man's second son will grow up in good health.
Armed with that worst case scenario, I try to prolong Sirius-*sama*'s support as much as possible. If it's that gentleman, then once he's passed ten years of age, he'll likely possess the strength to be able to traverse the world.

"It's not to the extent of Danna-*sama*'s child, but from what I've seen, Sirius-*sama* is a capable person. He will certainly be of use to you."
"*That* girl's child will? Other than it's looks, that was a disappointing young girl."

What do *you* know about ojou-*sama*!
I grasp my fist tightly under the table, to the point that it hurt.
Without an outlet, I stifle my anger, and I continued to wear my facade.

"I will definitely educate him to not disobey you. So I beg of you, please support him until he reaches twelve years of age."
"I won't look after someone for that long! Five years. I won't waste any more money than that. I'll have him leave this place after that."
"That's just…! Won't he still be a child in five years?"
"That's not my problem. If that's the case, then use the five years to educate him in preparation for that occasion. If you don't like it, then I don't mind if he leaves now."
"……I understand."

How powerless…….am I?

"Here is the this time's money. There will be absolutely no amendments, so remember the arrangement."

I take the money bag tossed onto the table and confirm its contents.
No matter what state I'm in, it's something necessary for Sirius-*sama*. I'm casting aside things like shame. As I expected, it's lighter than last time and there's less in it.

"Ahh, that's right, I'm a busy person, so I don't know when I'll be able to come back again."
"If that's the case, wouldn't it be fine to send a subordinate as a messenger?"
"What would I do if my subordinate said they handed over the money but didn't actually come here? I'm a noble with a strong sense of responsibility."

Aren't you mistaking that as one who has no trust from their subordinates?
Besides, I know. That you go and mess around with the town's prostitutes on your way here.

"It's about time I leave. Properly take care of the *that's* education."
"Certainly, sir."

Seeing him off as far as the entranceway, and after making sure of the carriage's departure, I finally took a breather. My body is a bit heavy, perhaps I piled up more fatigue than I had expected? I think it'll soon be around the time

that Sirius-*sama* wakes up, so I have to check up on his condition. However, I wasn't able to produce the results that I desired; I'm ashamed to show my face to Sirius-*sama*.
This paradise has…….five years.
It's much too short a time to tell him the truth.
Once he wakes up, without knowing that I served him medicine, nor about his father, I wonder if he'll smile for me? For me, who would be healed by that smile, I'd be both happy and sad.

Ojou-*sama*, I am…….

——— Sirius ———

The pair's conversation ends and while I wouldn't be discovered, I returned to my own room.
Throwing myself down on the bed, I think back upon the discussion of a little while ago. I didn't want to admit it, but that sleazebag is my father? I could also agree with Erina-*san* not wanting to let me meet him, *and* her going as far as using a soporific to do so.
The same way that children can't choose their parents, parents also can't choose their children. As far as that guy is concerned, I'm not worth worrying about. I don't believe that we want to meet each other, and it's fine like that.
Rather than that sort of sleazebag, it's Erina-*san*. I'm truly being helped by that person. Rather than a father, being able to to be acquainted with her is what makes me happy. I will be sure to someday repay this debt of gratitude.

The problem is my standing?
I'm a child born from a noble who was 'messing around', but considering my father's behaviour, I think it's better to not be regarded as a 'noble'. Incidentally, this safe place also closes in five years. If I practice for another five years, I don't think that there'll be any issues with my true strength, but there'll probably be a large number of problems that will come with my much too young outward appearance.
There's also Erina-*san* or Noel and Dee to think about as well. What will they do

in five years time?
It’s no good, considering hypothetical is endless. In this situation, let’s think about this simply. There are two things that need to be done.

First, for me to do nothing but train.
To build up a body that can feasibly deal with anything. Further explanation is unnecessary.

Second, share information with the three of them.
The three of them are indubitably my allies. I’d like to know in advance as to what they would do if I was driven out.
It’s better if I also decide on the setting of how I have knowledge. As abruptly declaring ‘I possess the knowledge of another world!’ would be weird. I continued to think up of a setting.

“Yep, I’ve decided on this one.”

There’s some unreasonableness in it, but to some extent, it seems like it would serve as a possible justification; the setting is completed.
I get up from my bed, and while I’m stretching, I notice it.
Erina-*san*, is late…
Since it’s also about time to make arrangements for the evening meal, she should’ve dropped by and shown her face by now. Is she perhaps seized with a guilty conscience and doesn’t want to show her face? If that’s the case, then she’s gotten the wrong idea. I have nothing but gratitude towards Erina-*san*.
I left my room and searched for Erina-*san*.
I work myself up with a ‘if she’s feeling down then let’s use all our power to cheer her up!’ and descend down to the first floor.

I immediately found Erina-*san*.

The figure of her collapsed in the kitchen.

Chapter 5 – The First Errand

"Erina!"

I let out a cry loud enough that I even surprised myself, and started to run.
I hastily rush over and ascertain Erina-*san*'s condition.
The first thing I felt was her abnormally high body temperature. Her entire body is hot, her breathing is harsh, her perspiration isn't stopping. It's clearly abnormal, but I mustn't make her rest in the kitchen. I call out to her several times, but—perhaps unconscious—there's no response. I don't really want to move her, but it can't be helped.
I crawl underneath Erina-*san*, fire myself up and lift my body. I didn't think that a three-year-old child would be able to lift up an adult female, but my trained body responded to the necessary demands to accomplish it. I limp along with her on my back: it's an awkward movement, but I walk step by step: in a way that ensured that I wouldn't drop her. Frankly, it was demanding, but thankfully Erina-*san*'s room is close by.
Barely managing to reach her room safely, I shift her onto the bed and then return to the kitchen.
I had also studied medical science in my previous life, but this is a different world. Even though I can think of similar manifestations, it's not necessarily the same disease.
Setting aside the examination, I try to rehydrate her. Having perspired to that extent, she'll succumb to dehydration. I fill a wooden cup with the water that she had already prepared for brewing black tea, and finely chop some apus with a knife. Taking the finely chopped apus into my hand, I squeeze them into the cup and mix it with the water. I put a cloth and water into a nearby bucket and return to Erina-*san*'s room carrying everything that I had prepared.
When I get back, Erina-*san* had awakened.
But her face is pale, and seemingly unable to even raise the upper-half of her body, she apologetically turned her eyes over here.

"Sirius-*sama*……I'm so sorr—….."
"It's fine! Here, drink some water."

I prop up the cup to her mouth and slowly tilt it. She seems to be able to swallow the liquid, so taking care not to choke her, I continue to make her drink it. I move the cup away just as she had drunk about half, wring the bucket water out of the cloth and wipe away Erina-*san*'s sweat, wring it once again and placed it on her forehead.

"Aah……I feel much better. Thank you very much."
"Don't worry about it, more importantly, what happened? Is this a disease?"
"Yes, it's probably……Demon's Water disease."

Demon's Water disease? Where have I seen……aah, it was Albert's Book of Travels!
If I'm not mistaken, there was a certain village where there were numerous deaths due to Demon's Water disease or something in that book……wait, isn't that a dangerous disease?! As it wasn't a medical text, only the name and the outcome of the disease was written, so I don't know the specifics of the disease.

"Please don't worry. It'll be okay when Dee and Noel return tomorrow."

Perhaps she had noticed that I'm panicking, Erina-*san* spoke to me as if to calm me down.

"With Demon's Water disease, if you have the medicine, you will get better. As that medicine had run out, I had the two of them go out to buy some. "
"I-, I see. If it'll cure you, then it's okay."
"Yes, I only have to put up with it until tomorrow. Only people with the water attribute can catch this disease, but I'm not sure whether Sirius-*sama* can catch it as well. So please avoid coming near me until the two of them get back, okay?"
"All right. However, as you probably need things like water, I'd like you to allow me to tend to you, even if it's just a little."
"I guess it can't be helped. Thank you……for your help……."

Perhaps relieved, Erina-*san* lost consciousness as if a switch had been turned off.
Oi oi, wait until tomorrow in this situation? Nevertheless, I can't stop worrying in the least. Thinking 'isn't there anything I can do?', I try searching around Erina-*san*'s room. Erina-*san* does have pharmacological knowledge, and there *are* things like compounding utensils in the room. There might possibly be something

like a medicine that recovers a person's physical strength around. Unfortunately there wasn't, but instead, I discovered a book. It had a long-winded title, but rendered simply it's: [Encyclopedia of Diseases].
The main method of treating people in this world is to use magic, so medical knowledge is not advanced. Perhaps because of that, this book has no thickness to it; but it's just what I need in this situation. I open the book without delay and search for the symptoms of Demon's Water disease. As there's no table of contents, it took more time than I expected it would, but I was able to quickly find it by skimming through the book.

Demon's Water disease.

A strange disease whereby maryoku starts being spontaneously emitted from within the body.
At that time, the body generates heat abnormally, and the body becomes unmovable due to the high fever.
Strangely, while only people of the water attribute suffer from this disease, it's highly infectious.
As for the treatment, medicine made from a mixture of Water Demon grass will completely cure the disease.

If it's not dealt with within half a day, due to the maryoku depletion *and* the high fever, the person will lose their life.
It's because of that speed that—although it's curable—it's known throughout the world as a dreadful disease.

It's totally wasn't okay!
Erina-*san* was infected with Demon's Water disease this afternoon, and Dee and Noel will return tomorrow afternoon. With a reprieve of half a day, if we were to wait for the other two, she'll certainly die, won't she?
So much for 'please don't worry'…… She probably said it to put me at ease, but to hell with that! I don't care about no circumspection. Because I'm going to do what I want to do.

Since I've decided, I need to be expeditious.

I turn over absolutely every book in the room and locate a book related to medicinal plants; it was for the purpose of finding the [Water Demon grass] necessary for the cure. Since the compounding method was written in the previous book, all I need now is the ingredients. While I am calming my impatient mind, I flip the pages, searching for words ‘Water Demon grass’. And then I came across the page I was looking for.

Water Demon grass.

Growing by absorbing underwater maryoku, it’s a species of medicinal plants which possesses a distinctive shape.
Used in various mixtures, it possesses the property to vastly enhance the effects on people of the water-attribute.
It grows naturally on watersides with thick maryoku and the collection is relatively easy.

A picture of the Water Demon grass is also on the page and I beat its distinctive shape into my memory.
I let go of the book and make preparations to collect the grass. As for a weapon, the knife in the kitchen will do. It’s a knife used for cooking, so its strength is an issue; but it’s better than nothing. I don’t need any armor that will obstruct my movement. This time it’s a speed-prioritized-gather-and-return operation. I take a small bag to be worn on my back, and just in case, I also leave behind fresh water and cut apus around Erina-*san*.
With the preparations made, I rush out from the entranceway and check the sky. The day had already become dark, it’s the time period when day changes completely to night. There’s a moon that is further away and larger than the one in my previous life, but fortunately there’s a full moon today and it’s bright outside.
My destination is the forest that is on the opposite side of the entrance. I would’ve been scolded by Erina-*san* so I haven’t gone deeply inside it before, but I do recall having heard the flow of water from this direction. If I try searching over there, then I might find Water Demon grass.
It’s a world with demons, so a lone child rushing into the night forest is insane. However there’s no time to waste; if I were to fail Erina-*san* here, I would regret it for the rest of my life. I want to save someone that is saveable. Preparing

myself for the worst, I charged into the forest.

Because the footing isn't stable with the many obstacles in the forest, even walking uses up more physical strength than I expected. I had the experience of being raised in a forest, so I can limit wastage; but the body *is* of a three-year-old child, so even that won't last long. While avoiding the Horabis which jump out at me from time to time, I advance while controlling my physical strength consumption.

Before long, I found a small river and searched for the Water Demon grass.

"……there's none?"

Apparently 'collection is easy', but is it difficult for a flowing river? As 'watersides with thick maryoku' was written, I should head upstream rather than downstream. I stab a block of wood in the ground to act as a landmark, and hurried deep into the thick forest that was alongside the river.

Passing over something fence-like on the way, I think it was about twenty minutes? Just when I thought the narrow river was rapidly spreading out, I realised that the river was just leading into a small lake. The lake split several times into rivers, and it seems that the one which I came alongside of was one of those.

Given the breadth of this place, it looks like the grass would be here. The visibility is also favourable as the moonlight isn't obstructed by trees, making it easy to search. 'I should immediately'……right after I thought that, I sensed a presence and my feet came to a halt. As a wild beast wouldn't reveal its presence so conspicuously, I stay concealed in the trees and shift my gaze towards the presence.

Sure enough, *that* was there.

Goblin.

A head with horns, an entirely green, human shaped demon.

In my previous life's scale of measurement, it's height looks to be approximately 1 meter. A crude cloth is wrapped around his waist and it's carrying a piece of wood as a weapon. It's strength is that of an ordinary adult male, it's movements aren't that fast and it's also not smart.

In exchange, their fertility and growth is abnormally rapid, and they have the habit of banding together, so subjugation corps are often assembled to deal

with them and such.

As it's omnivorous it'll also eat people, and in the case of females, they abduct them, rape them and force them to give birth to their children.

If one was able to defeat a goblin that carried a weapon, they'd be called a novice adventurer.

The aforementioned was from a selection of Albert's Book of Travels.

In other words, a goblin isn't an enemy that a three-year-old child challenges. What's more, there's three people……no, since they're not humans, there are also three goblins. Nevertheless, I will purposely challenge them. It's because they're a hindrance to my harvesting. They sit down on the bare ground with a dosshiri; they don't have any intention of moving somewhere else. There's also no time, so if they're not going to move out of the way, then I've no choice but to eliminate them.

Gripping the knife, I picked up a rock that was at my feet, threw it in an arc and it landed behind the goblins. That sound caught their attention, and the moment they turned their backs, I rushed out towards them.

My posture is low, running swiftly towards their chests.

The goblins turn around at the sound of my footsteps, but I'm already at their feet. I'm shorter than them, and they lose sight of me for an instant. I was in a position where they'd be able to see me if they lowered their gaze even just a little bit.

In the space of that instant, I thrust in the knife into a throat.

While the fresh blood that spurts out dyes my body red, the remaining two goblins, leaving their eyes open, had stopped moving. As a former educationist, I instinctively wanted to lecture them about their miserable state of standing stock still during a battle.

I twisted my body and extract the knife with the resulting momentum, continuing, I cut the second goblin's throat……in the middle of that, the knife broke. But I don't stop moving. I take the broken part of the knife and, with the palm of my hand, push it into the goblin's hand that came at me as a delayed form of opposition. Feeling the resistance, without slowing down one bit, I use the forward momentum to leap and I distanced myself while doing a forward roll three times.

Looking back, two goblins have collapsed, and they died while shaking and

twitching.
One remains.
But I don't have a weapon, and I'm in pain because I was slightly cut from using my palm to push the edge of the knife into the goblin. Also, perhaps having recovered from being perturbed, the goblin yells out, enraged. I realized it just now, but that goblin's weapon isn't a piece of wood, it's a sword. As the blade of the sword is short, I think it's a kind of short blade, but I dare say it's using it after picking it up from a human's belongings.
While I'm scrutinizing it, the goblin abruptly stopped moving and let out a laugh in a husky voice. Might it be thinking 'my opponent is a child' and is mocking me?
I wonder if you realise that two of you were defeated in an instant by this *child*?
Aah, come to think of it, 'goblins are of low intelligence', was it? It would be on its guard if it was a complete beast, but a half-baked intelligence turns out to be fatal. Well then, I'll gratefully exploit that.
This time I charged without lowering my posture, and the laughing goblin launched an obvious vertical slash at me. I slant my body and avoid it, concentrate, and chant. I visualise a baseball sized maryoku ball in a grenade launcher.

"Slumbering truth from the depths, evil spirits that wheeze at me……"

Argh, whatever, it's such a pain!

"[Impact]!"

Aimed at the goblin's face, I fired the ball of maryoku from point-blank range. Having eaten an impact that made his body float in the air for a moment, the goblin, holding his face, writhed around while screaming.
With that opening, I pick up its dropped sword, and with the weight of my body, I end it by thrusting it into its throat……there.

In this way, my first demon slaying ended.

Putting an end to the battle, I make sure that there are no enemies in the surrounding area and take a breath. No, I didn't stop at one breath. Perhaps I was more fatigued than expected, my temporarily disordered breathing had not settled. Even if my mind was used to it, my body is that of a three-year-old child,

so it's natural to be fatigued from having done a forced march up to this point. Just when I had calmed down, I close my eyes, and slowly count to three.
That was a slight suggestion, a switch that changes my battle consciousness to normal consciousness. Like that, by the time I open my eyes, I will regain my composure. Now, let's search for our objective.
Although, when I approached the waterside I immediately found it. While one blade of grass is sufficient, I harvest five blades just in case and put it away in the bag. It looked like if I stayed too long, other demons will gather in response to the blood. I wash my blood-covered face, and hastily retraced my steps back the way I came from.

I fell down several times due to fatigue, but I returned home without encountering any demons. It was probably about two hours since I departed.
When I checked Erina-*san*'s condition, she was breathing harshly and her consciousness was also faint. There's no time, I open the book and started compounding using the compounding tools in the room.

Put the Water Demon grass into the mortar, mash it until the clumps disappear. Put in the seeds of the walnut-like Kurumeshia—which I have on standby—and then also mash this until the clumps disappear. Once it's turned into a green coloured paste, put it into boiling hot water—……wait, there isn't hot water!
I go to the kitchen, throw kindling into the cooking stove and pass maryoku through the appended magic tool. Under usual circumstances, the kindling catches fire from this tool, but nothing happens. Even after I try it several times, the result is the same; and when I check the magic tool, one part of the magic square drawn on it was missing.
Come to think of it, I recalled the discussion this morning about it being broken.
If that's the case, then trying to ignite it with a fire stone, I look at the box placed in a corner, but the box is toppled over: aren't all the stones cracked? I suppose it most likely happened the instant Erina-*san* collapsed, but thanks to the floor being made out of stone, it didn't become a conflagration; at least that's something isn't it? But with this the fire……no, I have no choice but to ignite it by hand.
There are fragments of the fire stone remaining. I taper the kindling to a point with the spare knife in the kitchen and hit that sharpened point against a

fragment of the fire stone. I then rotate the kindling, igniting a fire with the frictional heat: it's a primitive method. This method requires quite a lot of power and skill, but as I expected, the fragment acted as the ignition material and was easily ignited.
I increase its heating power by giving it air, and I throw in the compounded medicinal plants once the hot water boiled. When I add in the medicinal plants, the pigments of the green colour muddied the water, but a short time later, the supernatant became transparent. It appears that this supernatant is the specific medicine for Demon's Water disease. Lastly, I collect the supernatant in a cup and it's complete.

'The finished product is colourless and emits a faint light' is what is written, and the exact same phenomenon is visible, so it appears that it is well-made.
Letting the medicine cool, I dash back to Erina-*san*.

"Erina-*san*, it's medicine. Drink this."
"Ah……aah……"

She seems to be conscious but also confused; and she murmured something, staring into space.
This is genuinely bad, if I don't forcibly make her drink this….

"I'm so sorry……I'm so sorry……I-……I-……"

Like I said before, why are *you* apologizing!
Damn it! Even though I have to compose myself, perhaps my mind is being dragged by my body, my emotions are uncovered. Enough already, adrenalin is kicking in and holding it back has become ineffective.

"Just drink it! Because if you don't drink it, I definitely won't forgive you!"

Erina-*san*'s body trembled at my angry voice. When she takes a quick look at my eyes, I firmly keep her gaze over here, so I move the cup to her mouth. It takes several minutes, but she finishes drinking the contents of the cup, and at the end I gave her an order with a single word.

"Sleep."

My tone of voice was rough, but Erina-*san* quietly shut her eyes and began to make the breathing sounds of a sleeping person. Tears flowed from her eyes, but

whatever happens, happens.
I leave the emptied cup on the floor, and I realized what I had accomplished. I did what I could, and all that remains is to wait for the outcome. I had passed my boundaries, and remaining clinging to Erina-*san*'s bed, I lost consciousness.

I experienced a soft sensation on my head.
Being caressed lovingly is the usual……the usual—?

"Erina!"

I awaken in an instant, and my face shot up.

"Yes, I'm here……"

The always smiling Erina-*san* was there.
Her hair and clothes were disheveled by sweat, but her face wasn't pale, and she had moved her upper body and was caressing my head. Looking outside, it has become completely light out, it was probably forenoon.
She was over the worst of it.

"……thank goodness."

Like this, I look at Erina-*san*'s face and finally settled down.
It seems that she's cured from the Demon's Water diseasel; all that remains is to let her recover her physical strength and it'll probably be okay. I thought I'd get some food and stand up, but—perhaps I slept with a strange posture—I fell on top of Erina-*san* without being able to put strength into my feet. What are you doing, placing a burden on a convalescent person? I try to get up with the embarrassing feelings of 'how careless and uncool', but I wasn't able to.
As Erina-*san* is holding me tightly in her arms.

"Erina?"
"Thank you. Just, you have……my gratitude."

I'm buried in Erina-*san*'s chest, and it's a bit hard to breathe, but shall I let her do what she wants for now? No, wait a minute, even though I ran and fought to that extent, I haven't changed my clothes yet.

“Umm, Erina? If you stick to me like that the stains will……”
“I don’t mind. The stains of someone who saved me does not concern me.“
“O-, okay. But, you know, you don’t want to have a bit of blood to stick rig—……”
“Blood!? Did you get injured somewhere?!”

Woah, she unfastened me from the embrace as if I was about to burst open.
And then using her eyes, as if licking over my whole body……hey, you’d instantly find out wouldn’t you? My clothes are a deep red from the back-splatter of the goblins blood. Even though it took considerable effort for her to become healthy, Erina-*san*’s face became pale once again.

“Calm down, since this isn’t my blood.”
“Bu-but what exactly is this blood?”
“Uuum……”

Yep…well whatever, let’s tell her the truth. It just means that I’ve moved up next year’s plans to now.

“This is goblins’ blood. They were a hindrance while I was collecting Water Demon grass, so I defeated them. ”
“Goblins!? Moreover, it was during the collection of Water Demon grass that you, defeated them?”
“Yep. With the kitchen knife and like this……see?”

I reproduce the movement of stabbing the goblin’s throat with gestures.
As expected, Erina-*san* is dumbfounded, but I gazed at Erina-*san* with a serious face. Perhaps comprehending the extent of the seriousness on my face, the perturbed Erina-*san* calmed down a little bit.

“Sirius-*sama*, just what are you?”
“I think there are various things that we want to say to each other. I have some things I want to say, and Erina does too, right?”
“……yes.”
“However, let’s settle down a bit. It’s not too late to talk after we’ve finished taking care of our bodies, etc.”
“That’s……true. I have behaved embarrassingly.”

It’d probably end up being about important and crazy matters, so I think we should talk after we had calmed down.

Handing Erina-*san* a change of clothes, I leave the room, return to my own room and finished changing my clothes. Looking at it again, the blood back-splatter is really dreadful. For me to have been that inept in the battle…
I go outside, wipe my body with water from the water well, and decided to make a light meal. I cut the bread into bite-sized pieces and dip them into a mixture of eggs, pseudo-milk, and sugar. After that, if I grill them until the surface gets slightly burned, then an other world version of French toast is complete. As it's not white bread, it might be weird to call it 'toast', but I don't pay undue attention to that. There's no issue with the taste. I also prepare my favourite black tea. Now, let's go! To where Erina-*san* is!
I knock and wait for a response before I enter the room. I had told her not to move from the bed, but as one would expect, she had already neatly finished her personal grooming. Before we talk, let's try and get through a meal shall we?

"I wonder, what is this? It's the first time I'm seeing this food."
"It's called 'French toast'. It's sweet and delicious."
"Well then, *itadakimasu*."

I actually wanted to make a thin rice porridge for a convalescent, but as there's no rice… If it's French toast, then it's soft and easy to eat. Erina-*san* ate a mouthful, and after nodding several times, she smiled a full smile.

"…..it's delicious. I feel Sirius-*sama*'s kindness."
"I see. You're still convalescing so please don't over do it, okay?"
"It's not flattery. Receiving such good care, I'm blessed."

I feel happy seeing her figure happily continuing to eat.
In the blink of an eye, she finishes eating it all, and I prepare the tea and paused.

Well then, let's have a discussion that will decide my life, shall we?

"Erina, it's about time we get to the main point."
"……All right. "
"So, it's about me, but—……"
"Please wait a moment."

I planned on saying it all rapidly, but I was stopped.
Please, give me a break. No matter how much of an *ossan* I am, something like this requires courage, you know.

“Before that, please let me say something. It’s regarding Sirius-*sama*’s mother.”

Ooh, finally, about my mother is it?
However, Erina-*san*’s expression is stiff: is it perhaps a subject *that* difficult to broach?

“I’m sorry, but there’s a picture inside the desk. If you could……”

Exactly like she said, when I search the desk, there’s one A4 sized picture inside.
What was depicted was a lone woman.
In other words, this person is…

“Miliaria Eldrand. Sirius-*sama*’s mother.”

It’s not to the extent of a photograph, but it’s a good picture with excellent craftsmanship and painted in colour.
Looking at the flowing black hair, and the gentle eyes, a feeling of being at peace mysteriously comes over me. I instinctively understood: this person is, without a doubt, my mother.

“And, at the same time she gave birth to you……she passed away.”

Chapter 6 – The Past and Dreams

"……I see."
"I'm very……sorry."

Erina, who had informed me of my mother's death, hung her head down without wiping away her tears.
I don't know whether that action is from her feelings of guilt for having kept it a secret, or her feelings of powerlessness. However as the person most impacted by the revelation, I was—like a calm in the sea—composed. Normally, being informed that one's mother had passed away is something that would make one lose their composure.
However my previous life experiences don't allow me to do that.
It was a life where I had repeatedly killed people, and one where countless friends died in front of my eyes. Even though I have sad feelings, tears just don't come out at all. As someone who is desensitized at those people's life-and-death, I'm more lamentable.

"Erina, I'm all right."
"But! I lied—……"
"You were thinking of what was best for me and kept it a secret. Granted that I'm thankful for that, but there's no reason for me to resent you for it, right?"
"Even so……I……"

I return my eyes to the picture. There are many parts that resembled me: to the extent that it would give someone the impression that I unmistakably took after my mother. I wonder what kind of person she was while she was alive.

"Rather than that, I'd like to talk about my mother."
"Eh? Things about ojou-*sama*?"
"Yeah. I want to hear about what kind of person she was, what she liked, anything really."
"Ok. Miliaria……it's Aria-*sama*, but she was a simple and innocent lady."

Most likely recalling my mother in those days, her expression slightly softened. 'Simple and innocent', but as far as I can see from the picture, she does have a

pure, innocent and meek atmosphere.

“She was the only daughter of one of the noble families: the Eldrand family. A lady overflowing with dignity and with a kind heart that saved me when I had fallen into misfortune and was despairing. A lot of her conduct was not noble-esque, but strangely, she had a charisma that fascinated people. However the Eldrand family lost a fight for political power with another noble family and together with their house, they were divested of their noble title. There was a foolish noble who fell in love at first sight with that Aria-*sama*. By marrying herself to that noble, she was promised that her parents would be safe.”

So she sold herself for the sake of her family? I wonder just how much resignation she carried.

“It was awful after that. The foolish noble kept Aria-*sama* company just once and then lost interest, and shut her up in this mansion without conferring any status to her at all. The three of us, who had nowhere to go, were employed for this mansion by Aria-*sama*’s recommendation. Luckily or unluckily, Aria-*sama* was pregnant with Sirius-*sama*. As soon as that became clear, though only giving a little bit of money, ‘raise Sirius-*sama* as a spare heir’……he said.”

I’m sure they were vexed from the bottom of their heart. Even though that detestable noble is my father, she’s not holding back. That’s fine, the whole time……that was just the resentment piled up for years. I think she’s putting an end to that and spitting it all out. .

“It was proven afterwards, but the fight for political power was discovered to be caused by that noble because he also wanted Aria-*sama*. Her parents are also untraceable. How often I loathed that noble…”

Truly a sleazebag.
Knowing these facts, if I had met him yesterday, then I probably would’ve done him in. I had the confidence that I could do him inwithout being affected at all. I’m having dark thoughts, and suddenly Erina-*san*—who had wrinkled her brow—smiled wryly.

“However, Aria-*sama* was different. While caressing her stomach that had become enlarged, she happily said ‘my child’ and was in high-spirits. I also said something impolite like ‘It’s *that* noble’s child!’, but this is what Aria-*sama* said:”

“Neglect it because it’s that man’s child? That’s absolutely not okay. This child is innocent, so we have to raise him well. Besides, my mother and father are alive somewhere, and there’s also Erina, Dee and Noel here as well. It’s an environment where I can feel at ease and raise this child, right? What more can I ask for?”

“……Being told that, there was nothing I could say in reply. That lady simply thought that as long as Sirius-*sama* and we were safe, it was okay’, and only that. Moreover, that ‘this child is the child of all of us’. She truly was a lady of high caliber.”

Indomitable, or perhaps I should say, a really magnanimous person. Even if she wasn’t my mother, I would have liked to have met her once.

“As her last month of pregnancy approached, Aria-*sama*’s physical condition suddenly changed. Since she was a lady who had a bit of a weak constitution to begin with, perhaps that was also as a matter of course. ‘Giving birth in that weakened condition is suicidal’. Nevertheless, Aria-*sama* replied that she would give birth, and then……”

I was born and my mother died……is what she means?

“Your name is Sirius. My Sirius, I love you. Please live honestly believing in yourself and without being bound to anything. That’s your mother’s wish. Erina, I leave the rest to you. Give him……my love as well.”

“Those were Aria-*sama*’s last words. I was at a loss with the bequeathed Sirius-*sama* in front of me, but the moment I held you up in my arms, all my anxiety and confusion disappeared. The detestable man’s child; even so, exactly as Aria-*sama* said, the child is completely innocent. At that moment, I succeeded Aria-*sama*’s will, and I swore to protect Sirius-*sama*. Even though I swore to protect you……I—……”

After that, Erina-*san* continued to talk about the current situation while crying. For example, that yesterday’s noble—my father—was named Bardomir Dorian. That we somehow manage to get by with the scarce amount of money granted to us. That we could live in this house for another five years.
It was Erina-*san* who had vented out her heart full of emotions, but now—as if she finally regained her composure—she embarrassingly held her head in her

hands. She had likely remembered that the person she was talking to was a three-year-old child.

"Haa……For me to be showing such an appearance—. I am sorry, I lost my composur—……"
"It's fine. As I understood it all."
"You……understand? But for a three-year-old to understand that…"

Erina-*san* was making a face of curiosity, but as I tell her about yesterday's conversation, her face becomes dyed with surprise. If you're *that* surprised just from me having eavesdropped on the conversation, then I wonder what will happen with what I'm about so say next.

"Erina, what I'm about to talk about is something crazy."
"What……are you going to talk about?"
"My secret. You might not believe me, but I want you to listen and then make a judgement."

Without a fragment of innocence. I'm giving off something similar to a overbearing atmosphere: I wonder how she will perceive me. We are silently looking hard at one another, but Erina-*san* gave a smile.

"Please let me hear what you have to say without making such an anxious face. Whatever happens, I am on your side."

Mu, is it shown on my face? Perhaps it's strongly influenced by the immature body, I've been lax in my control of my expression.

"Does Erina have dreams?"
"Yes I do, I've had them several times but it's often the case that I don't remember them."
"What if one was able to see that clearly, and moreover, remember it?"

'Hey, my previous existence was in another world and I have the memories of a person who lived until they were over sixty.'……even if I were to explain it like that, it'd only be troublesome in various ways. If that's the case, then it would be okay if I make my whole previous existence a 'dream'.

"Although I forgot when it started, I've been continuously seeing a certain man in my dreams. It's as if I became that person; everyday I have various

experiences, I study various things. Even when I wake up, it remains in my head, and I acquire that knowledge when I become aware of it."
"That sort of thing is… Ano, do you have those dreams even now?"
"I still have them. Recently I participated in a war and learned how to fight. *That's* the reason why I could defeat those goblins. Although I don't know why it turned out like this, I think it's a good thing. I was thus able to save Erina because of it."
"……"

I tried telling Erina-*san* my secret while summing it up; I feel that it's going well, but she had a pensive look on her face.
Honestly, my rate of growth is abnormal; thus it wouldn't even be strange for her to call me a monster.
Her reply was……to hug me.

"Rarely crying, reading the letters of the alphabet in merely a year, and comprehending magic. I had various doubts, but to think that there were such reasons for it… Not to mention things like war……you have been through many hardships haven't you?"

Uuumu, I didn't think that she would believe it *this* easily. She said that my mother was a big-shot, but Erina-*san* is every bit a 'big-shot'.

Iya……it's different. In regards to me, she is unconditionally on my side. Even if I was a criminal or whatever, she would continue to protect me.

"The aforementioned is my secret. Therefore I comprehend the current situation. I will be chased out after five years, right?"
">Hai, it is as you say. If I only had more power……"
"Come now, it's not like that. I'm here right now *because* Erina has done her best. It's also why Dee and Noel are also able to be here, smiling."
"I am not worthy of those words."

The affection that Erina-*san* is directing at me can only be seen as the love one has for their own child. I think it'd be okay if she revealed a bit more of herself, but since there's her position and everything, let's respect her wishes.
As she is an attendant, what I'll say is this:

"Once again, thank you Erina. I'm counting on you from now on as well."

“Hai!”

It somehow worked out amicably. I was also able to explain my current state of affairs, so I can most likely move around flamboyantly from now on.

“Sirius-*sama*, if it’s alright with you, what do you think about also telling Dee and Noel what we just talked about?”
“To both of them as well?”
“Like me, the two of them were saved by Aria-*sama*, and we have been through hardships together. They are people worthy of your trust.”
“I understand. Let’s explain it to them when they get back. I wonder what kind of face they’ll make when they find out the current state of affairs and the truth.”
“They’ll be astonished. I look forward to seeing just how much that expressionless face of Dee’s will crumble.”

Erina-*san* and I laughed while imagining the pair’s response. Noel losing her cool, Dee calming her down while expressionless, Erina-*san* smiling. Things weren’t just going back to how they were; from now on, it’s not just me, we’re all going to become stronger.

Afterwards, I tidied up the kitchen, boiled some water and wiped down Erina-*san*’s body. Erina-*san* did nothing but modestly decline, and yet she smiled delightfully when I wiped her down.
I prepare the black tea again, and at around the time the sun goes down, the two people who had gone out had returned. They came back, but they’re strangely noisy. They ran around the house while making the sounds of large footsteps, and opened the door of the room without a knock.

“Erina-*san*! Are you alright?!”

Noel was breathing roughly and burst into the room. One step behind her, Dee also burst into the room. It was so noisy that Erina-*san* held her hand to her forehead and sighed.

“Noel, you are being noisy. First get through reporting of your return to Sirius-*sama*.”
“A, hai! I’ve returned home, Sirius-*sama*! Ah, not that…Erina-*san*, medicine! Demon’s Water disease is spreading widely in the town, and we hurried back!”

“I understand, so settle down and explain it calmly.”

Noel was completely in a state of confusion; we had a hard time calming her down.

To summarise her story, the Demon’s Water disease recently started to spread widely in the town. The town was in chaos but due to the medicines on reserve, they safely restored the peace; however, our house had run out of medicine. They had planned to replenish it on this shopping trip, but that the disease would spread with this timing was a misjudgement. However, the house is a long way from the town. With that distance, they probably thought that she wouldn’t get infected, but then they remembered the reason for why they had come to the town.

This time’s shopping trip was in order to not meet my father, but that father is to meet with Erina-*sa*n. And the Demon’s Water disease had also spread widely in the neighbouring town from where father had departed from. The possibility of water-attribute Erina-*san* being infected was extremely high.

Having realized that today, they returned in a fluster.

Having finished explaining, Noel finally calmed down. While expressionless, Dee is also calm, and seeing Erina-*san*’s face in good health, the pair let leak a sigh of relief.

“Iyaa, I feel relieved. It’s really great that Erina-*san* wasn’t infected.”

I’m glad.”

“I was infected.”

“……eh?”

Noel’s smile solidified.

“Oh come on, you are full of life aren’t you? Please stop joking around.”

“It’s not a joke. I was infected with Demon’s Water disease, but I drank the medicine and have recovered completely.”

“We ran out of medicine didn’t w—……aah, was there in fact just one remaining?”

“We *had* run out. Sirius-*sama* compounded some for me.”

I was sitting beside her and she went to pat my head but stopped, however I catch ahold of her hand and forcibly make her pat my head. In all likelihood,

knowing my true nature, she probably thought that it would be rude to pat my head; but she would have normally patted my head before, so I resorted to telling her with my body: 'isn't it fine if you pat me without reserve?'. It seemed like it got through to her; she patted me. My interior is an *ossan*, but I *am* a child so it's fine.

"Heeh, as expected of Sirius-*sama*. Who would've guessed that he could also……do……eeeeeeh!"
"Erina is convalescing, so if you could be a bit more quieter…"
"Ha, hai! But, how did you do the compounding? Even though there wasn't any Water Demon grass in the house…"
"About that, there's something I need to tell you. Dee, Noel, not a word to anyone about what I'm about to talk about."
"Eh? Eh? What is, what's going on?"
"I understand. Noel, calm down a bit."

Noel started to become confused once again, but Dee changed his posture to intently and exclusively listen to me while calming Noel down. As Erina-*san* was looking over here, I nodded and invited her to continue. I entrusted the explanation to Erina-*san*. It's by no means because it was troublesome. That way they could accept it more easily, and if she makes a mistake, then it'll be okay if I point them out.
While interjecting in Erina-*san*'s explanation, the sun had completely fallen around the time we finished talking. Now then, as for the two who found out my secret…

" "……" "

Just as I thought, they are speechless.
Noel's face is swinging between rejoice and worry, and Dee was expressionless with a furrow on his face, earnestly submerged in the swirls of his thoughts. Well, yeah, you wouldn't be able to act normally after being slapped with that information all of a sudden. It seemed like the stillness would last for a long time, so I re-make several people's worth of tea, I place it in front of the two of them, and they finally restarted.

"There are various things which I can't believe, but there are also points which I understand. Moreover, this is also……"

Noel drinks the black tea which I had prepared, and gave a satisfied nod.

"This black tea, it's not a flavour which can be brought out very easily. Actually, isn't it more delicious than the one I make?! It's mortifying……er no, has Dee-*san* taught Sirius-*sama* how to prepare black tea before?"
"……I haven't."
"I haven't either. Erina-*san* hasn't either right?"
"Of course. Since preparing the tea is our job."

This girl sometimes displays penetrating insight.
Like Noel said, the three of them didn't teach me how to do it. In my previous life, my *shishou* was a black-tea-otaku, so I was just forced to memorize it. It's okay since I don't have an obsession with it, but if my *shishou* was to drink the black tea of this world, it's an established fact that we would undergo a lecture course while sitting in *seiza*.
There's a standard for black tea called the 'golden rule'; in this world, that standard is crude. The temperature of the water is low, the steaming time is short, etc.: there are various points but I received the best parts of the method.
The discussion has gone off track. At any rate, this means that Noel is convinced by the fact that I could use a method of preparing tea which I wasn't taught.

"Ume~……it's delicious but it's vexing. Don't you think so too, Dee-*san*?"
"It's delicious, but not vexing. Please teach me next time."
"Ouch! I never would've thought that it would be backwards and I would be the one taught; as your onee-*chan*, I'm……eei, please teach me too!"

The pride of the older sister is cheap.Maa, I also drink black tea, so let's show the three of them how to prepare it next time.
Just as everyone had accepted the story, Noel's stomach growled. Her face was bright red, but there's no helping it as it's already past dinner time.

"I'll exchange the magic tool, and immediately make preparations."
"Uu, please do."
"Dee, as the fire I ignited some time ago is still left on, I think it'll be okay if you leave the exchange for after you've made dinner."
"Understood. To be able to handle the fire stone, as expected."
"About that, the box had fallen and all the stones had cracked; I had a hard time because of it."

“ “ “Eh!?” ” ”

Was there something weird with what I said?
However, the three of them all had their mouths open and are speechless…

“Dee, there wasn’t supposed to be a spare magic square, right?”
“There isn’t.”
“And I, of the fire-attribute, had also gone out.”
“Sirius-*sama*, I am sorry but how did you prepare the fire?”
“I used frictional heating on the live coals, was it something unwise?”
“*Frictional heating*?”

I have a feeling that we’re not quite on the same conversation wavelength.
It’s said that the proof is better than the argument; it’s in the bedroom, but I prepare the same things as I did yesterday and created just the live coals. Good kids, don’t copy me too much.

“No aria? This isn’t magic, is it?”
“Amazing, doesn’t it mean that magic squares and fire-attribute holders are unnecessary for this?”
“This is the first time I’ve seen it. This is revolutionary.”

Such a primitive method is revolutionary?
I don’t really understand the conventional wisdom of this worl—……wait a second?

In that instant, I realized that I had made an unexpected misunderstanding.

Ending with this one insight, the incident this time was resolved.

Chapter 7 – Common Knowledge Breaker

It was the next day, and Erina-*san* had safely made a full recovery.
Since this morning, I've been sitting in the yard and concentrating.
Just to be on the safe side, I'm making Erina-*san* rest for today, and Noel and Dee are busy with the housework so there's nobody around. What I was about to do is a bit unconventional, so it's just the right time for it.

I realized it the other day, but the fact is that I should've questioned the common knowledge of the world. Before I knew it, there I was, thinking about the common knowledge of my previous life and of this world together.

The world where science had advanced and magic does not exist.
The world where chemistry had not developed and magic existed.

It is natural for a disparity to arise. It takes me *three years* to realise something so obvious. In high spirits from being able to use magic, it seems that before I realized it, I was washed away by this world's common knowledge. For me to have been affected in such a way, how careless of me.

In this world, there are three kinds of methods for lighting a fire.

First, using fire-attribute magic.
Second, using a magic tool.
Third, using a fire stone.

There is an exception: using a demon that emits fire, however the standard methods are the three mentioned above; they're the mainstream and are common knowledge. Still unable to comprehend making live coals with frictional heat, it appears that even the adventurer Dee saw it for the first time.
In other words, it hasn't permeated society. Even though you can make something like frictional heat anywhere if you rub your hands; it's in spite of that. It's probably because of the common knowledge that has strongly taken root in this world: 'it's likely that other than those mentioned, there are no other ways to light fires'. I think it's precisely *because* I know of the modern-day science of my previous existence that I have this point of view, but what caught

my attention was something not related to fire.

There's a magic that I wasn't able to see due to the entrenched common knowledge……is what it boils down to.

I open the [Intermediate Level Magic Guidebook] that I had left beside me.
It's a book that was bought yesterday and given to me, but when I read this book, there were several points that I took notice of.
I'll try to experiment with them one-by-one.

First, the aria.
It's written that the convention is to use shortening for the elementary level, but the ultimate aria is aria-less for the intermediate level. 'Aria-less' is when you cause activation with only the end of the aria: the spell name; it seems that diligence and talent are necessary to reach that stage.
There's the [Impact] which I used yesterday on the goblins, but I got irritated at the aria, stopped in the middle of it and fired the spell.

The keyword of the aria for [Impact] is: make the maryoku within you activate, condense it, and let it fly……that's what it's in terms of.

If it was to follow what was written in the elementary level book, then it shouldn't activate, but it activated. It *seems* like it could be settled with the discussion on aria shortening, but it activated even though I had omitted the essential part of the aria at that time: 'to fly'.
I suspect that there's a hole there.
At that time, other than 'throwing the ball of maryoku', I had mixed in the image of 'putting a high-explosive projectile into a grenade launcher and launching it'.
Even though it's called 'magic', the weapons that I had become accustomed to in my previous existence had unconsciously interfered.
The result: it gave off an impact that was far stronger than usual and neutralised the goblin. Even though the [Impact] that I had been using up until that point was—at best—at the level of shaking a target, it had made the goblin's body float in the air for a second: *that* force is strange.

What's crucial is not the aria……but the mental image?

The first time I used [Light], the photosphere moved at my visualisation.
In society, the impression that '[Impact] is of no-attribute and is weak' is the only

one there is, and in practice it was weak.
I started using it *after* I got Noel to show me an example, so isn't that etched into my brain? I was thinking 'what if I used it without seeing the example'…but at any rate, let's try it out and see what happens.

It *is* an experiment, so it'll be without an aria.
What I'll visualise this time is an old-fashioned cannon in an embrasure with which I personally use a pole to pack in the gunpowder and ball inside it.
I close my eyes and concentrate; I gather the flowing maryoku in my body and make it into a sphere shape and standby. I point my hand in the direction of the target, and visualise the maryoku sphere enveloped by the bore. And then I pulled the trigger that came to mind.
In an instant, there was feeling of maryoku loss together with a *pan* sound and the resounding sound of wood breaking. When I opened my eyes to see what had happened, the hanging target was broken into very small pieces and had tumbled down to the ground. I was astonished at the larger than expected power, but my hypothesis was correct.
The spell can be altered by the mental image.
Moreover, I didn't call out the spell name, let alone the aria, and there's also not much difference in the maryoku consumption. Truly revolutionary. However there are still many more things that I want to do.

The next thing to visualise is an automatic style pistol: a handgun.
The very first thing that occurs to me is a stable projectile weapon for short and medium ranges, and it's a pistol that can be held in place with one hand for easy precise shooting. I've used one for many years and am familiar with disassembling it, etc., so I can visualise it with ease; that's why it's the first thing that came to mind.
My favourite was the Magnum, but after taking into consideration its strength, this time I visualise the common handgun. The important points are: to make the bullet tapered in order for it to fly straight, and the grooves of the barrel that cause the bullet to rotate: the rifling. This time I focus on the tree target without closing my eyes, and in preparation, I erect my thumb and index finger on my hand in the shape of a handgun.

Gather maryoku, bullet production, loading, rifling is okay, trigger!

With a *pshew*, a thick sound reverberated, the tree that I aimed at shook a little, and a thumb-sized hole had been opened in the tree. I continued by gradually increasing the distance of the targets that I aim at, and I confirmed that there's not that much of a difference with both the firing range and power when compared to the real thing. In addition, there's no discharge sound and there's barely any recoil. The ballistic trajectory is even more stable than that of the real thing, and the maryoku consumption is also low. It's utility was *so* good that it would make one suspect: 'isn't there a catch to this?'.
As it was, I got carried away and tested various guns, but half of them misfired and nothing happened. Those that misfired were the guns that I had used less frequently, and accordingly, my visualisation was tenuous; that's most likely the reason why it didn't activate. If I had the actual guns here, then I would have the very thing required: a mental image that knows each of the parts in detail.
I continue to shoot while forming an hypothesis; I ran out of maryoku at around the time I exceeded twenty shots, so I stopped.

The next experiment—while the lethargy is assaulting my body—is meditation. This isn't magic but it's one of the actions through which maryoku can be quickly recovered.
Maryoku naturally recovers as time passes. This is because people unconsciously absorb the maryoku throughout the air, and then convert it to a nature that matches their own. Meditation is a conscious action via which to speed up that natural recovery power.
The method is just to relax, seize the maryoku with your whole body, and take it in. Becoming able to seize maryoku seems to be an obstacle of the elementary level, and because of that, it's mentioned in the intermediate level book. I think of zazen when I hear of 'meditation', but it seems like it's all right as long as I can relax, so I lay down in the shape of the 大 kanji.

I close my eyes and seize the maryoku……seize……how do I do that?
Seizing a substance that doesn't exist in my previous life? Therefore, there's no choice but to lay my hands on it by groping around. In the first place, maryoku is not visible to the eye; although it's certainly possible to feel a mysterious energy at the time of magic activation. In other words, it'll be fine if I can feel a sensation similar to this energy from the air? I direct my senses towards the outside and try searching for maryoku.

……maryoku.

……maryoku.

……maryoku.

……maryoku.

…….

……!

“!?”

I unintentionally jumped up.

I was dozing off in the middle of it, but that sensation was unmistakably maryoku.

I’m going to do it once more before I forget it; I close my eyes again, but this time I was mysteriously able to sense it with ease. It was like a switch being flipped; I felt an exhilarating sensation: as if my own seal was undone and I had gotten free.

I recognise it. It’s overflowing throughout the air, and even now it’s gently brushing my body, like fog would; so this is maryoku.

Is this what they call ‘seizing the maryoku’? As there’s also nobody to tell me if I’m right, let’s go to the next thing.

Continuing on, ‘taking in maryoku’ is written, but that’s the very thing that I don’t understand. It’s not like taking a deep breath will work, so I had once again run into an obstacle. While groaning with an *unun*, I attempted various things, but to no avail.

Uumu, ‘taking it in’……is there a sensory organ that the people of this world have for that? If there is, then I also should have one……but take in the maryoku and convert the overflowing maryoku to one’s own colour……convert?

I became able to sense it and I realized it: doesn’t this maryoku throughout the air resemble the maryoku that I personally let out? It’s a feeling like: ‘the red within the colour red, the tree within the forest’. And now, the current me is exhausted of maryoku and in a state close to a vacuum. It’s not ‘taking it in’, but how about attuning my maryoku to my surroundings?

I lie down once again, and I take things as they are, thinking of nothing: towards a clear and serene mind.

“Sirius-*sama*!? What’s the matter?!”

As I was about to reach that stage, I was shouted at by Noel. Well, one *would* be surprised if someone were to drop to the ground right in the centre of the yard. To indicate I was okay, I waved my hand to Noel, who was rushing over here, but without stopping her momentum, she came over and looked into my face.

“Are you alright?! As I thought, there were some after-effects from yesterday’s incident?!”
“Calm down. I was only meditating, look, here.”

To Noel—who is immoderate if left alone—I slapped my hand onto the page where ‘meditation’ was written. Noel started to read the page with a wondering look on her face, but she was smiling awkwardly after she had finished reading.

“Ano~ Sirius-*sama*? This is the intermediate level isn’t it? Are you able to……do this?”
“Iya, I was able to ‘seize it’, however I don’t really get how to ‘take it in’. I’m at a stalemate right now.”
“Not at all! Even that is enough to be too amazing! Because it’s something that originally takes several years of learning from a teacher before one can finally do that. Being able to do this much by self-studying that…”
“‘Self-study’… I received instruction from Noel, didn’t I?”
“Not at all! Someone like me is at the novice level of the elementary level. I only showed you magic; by no means can say that I taught you.”
“I was able to reach this point *because* you showed me magic. Who did *Noel* receive her instruction from?”
“There was a person who originally was a magic teacher that came to my hometown; I was taught by that person. You might not be able to tell, but it seems like I had the best aptitude within the village, and I was even encouraged to attend school.”
“School? So there are schools that teach magic…”
“There are. However, a large amount of money is required for the matriculation. My village was poor, and so was my family, so I had to give up the idea of going to school. Therefore I only studied the basics, and I left my hometown in order to work away from home.”

I think she's yearning for her hometown; Noel narrows her eyes and looked into the distance.

"Sorry. That was a bit insensitive of me."
"I had just become a little nostalgic, so please don't worry about it. Besides, I am happy right now. Aria-*sama*, Erina-*san*, Dee-*san*, and Sirius-*sama*. I am so glad that I was able to meet you all."

I feel a little bit fulfilled at the sincere smile of a young lady of marriageable age.
All in all, I'm indebted to this child, and I sincerely want her to be happy.

"However, you are a hundred years too early for such things like onee-*chan*'s worries. No matter how much you say that it is because you understand various things; it is *because you are still a child* that I say that."

That's certainly true, but even if you—who usually has their clumsiness at full throttle—say that, there's no persuasive power in it. In my opinion, she's something like a little sister who needs looking after; as thanks for that smile, I'll let you accompany me in my experiment.

"I'll keep that in mind. By the way, I wonder if Noel is free right now?"
"Yes, I am free. I've reached a point where I can take a break from my work, so I came to see how Sirius-*sama* was doing."
"Well then, it also acts as an experiment, but I'll show you something interesting. Once my maryoku has recover……ed?"

In order to try out the next idea, I was thinking of the amount of maryoku required and then I noticed it.
My maryoku is recovering?
It's only been about several minutes since I had exhausted my maryoku, and even the meditation I did just now was, in the end, the same as if not doing it all. Usually it recovers after several hours, but I thought that I had only dozed off for a moment…had I actually fallen asleep for quite a while?

"Is something wrong?"
"Ah, iya……as my maryoku had recovered, I was sort of concentrating…"
"Ha~ Your recovery is really quick…. It's also quick for me, even though it takes me half a day."

Let’s put that aside for now; being able to make my maryoku dry up and trying it again is a good thing.

This time it’s [String] enhancement. It seems extremely helpful as a rope, but its practical usability is too low in its present state. If I bundle them together, then that itself appears to be useable, but I might as well try and complete it by making it into something strong and secure.
What I visualise is something called ‘kevlar thread’, and even among the aramid fibres, it’s the strongest tier of threads. It’s also employed in bullet-proof vests, and even though it also has a thickness of less than one millimeter, it has a tensile strength of 60 kilograms; it’s an excellent scientific material. Bundling these in multiple layers, I create one toughened rope.
It didn’t particularly have to be rope—chains or wires would’ve been fine—but maryoku has a ‘soft’ image to it, so I decided to make it rope.

“I’m going to use [String] a little, so could you pull on that for me?”
“You know that sort of thing will snap in no time, right?”
“It’ll be fine. It’s a somewhat of a unique one, so it won’t easily snap.”

I leave Noel—who currently has a half-convinced face—as is, and activate [String]. It’s invisible but when I tried to detect it, maryoku in the shape of a thick rope grew from the palm of my hand.

“Okay, here.”
“Haa……are? …the feeling that there wasn’t an aria just now…?”

I didn’t say the spell name, let alone an aria. I ignored Noel, who appears to be puzzled, and I let her take hold of the tip of that which is extending from the palm of my hand.

“Don’t worry, don’t worry; rather than that, hurry and pull. I don’t mind even if you pull with all your might.”
“Like I said, it’ll snap……there’s something different. Well then, here I go!”

Perhaps having realized something at the sensation of the rope that she felt in her hand, her face had taken a complete change: with a serious face, she had started to pull the rope. I also put my strength into it and pull, but the maryoku rope did not move at all.
Umu, it’s a success. Perhaps it’s because of the maryoku, it’s a strange rope that

doesn't creak or bend, but it's strength is nearly perfect. However, I made just one blunder.

"Uoo!"
"Woah! Sirius-*sama*!"

Overmatched in strength, I was completely dragged around by Noel.
Well, I *have* been training, but I'm still three years old, so it can't be helped.

After that, I hang it on a tree and climb up it; as a result of having used it as a substitute for the chains of a swing, I concluded that it's sufficiently able to be fit for practical use. If I vary its thickness, it's serviceable for various practical uses; it's not an all-purpose tool, but an all-purpose magic.
Perhaps as a result of bundling multiple layers of maryoku threads together, I get the feeling that the maryoku consumption is a bit high. Nevertheless, as it wasn't to the degree of exhausting my maryoku, let's stop at around this point for now and head back.

"It's about time for lunch isn't it?"
"Yes, it is. I have become hungry."

My hand was grasped by Noel and we return to the house.
En route, I was asked this question while we were chatting:

"What does Sirius-*sama* want to do in the future?"
"In the future?"
"I can be proud of the Sirius-*sama* who is able to produce such amazing magic. I've become curious as to what that Sirius-*sama* wants to do when he grows up."
"You're right, I wonder what I should do…"
"Ahaha, I am being way too hasty aren't I? Please forget about it."

It's been three years since I received this new life; several times has the thought of 'what exactly do I want to do?' came to me.

The me of my previous existence had a bloody life, but I think I passed away satisfied because it was an end where I had accomplished my mission. That's why I also barely had any regrets, but there's something that I recalled after hearing the talk about school from Noel.

I had five apprentices.

I can't recall their names, but there were five of them: girls and boys that I myself gathered and educated with my own hands. For me—who had neither parents nor a wife—they were, in a way, something like a family. It's possibly my sole regret: that I wasn't able to watch over all of their futures, as their shishou, *and* in place of their parents. It's not just to become strong, this time I want to properly watch over them.

Un, I saw the future that I'm aiming for.

After lunch, I began to talk to everyone gathered in the living room.

"I'm thinking of trying to go to school."

At my one utterance, three people were exchanging glances while at a loss.
It was particularly bad for Noel, who had a pale face saying 'I've gone and done it.'

"Is it perhaps because of what I said? With my words, Sirius-*sama*'s future……"
"It's not your fault. It's something that I thought about and decided on my own."
"Calm down Noel. So, why does Sirius-*sama* want to go to school?"
"It's not like I've already settled on it, but I want to become an educator."

In this world, death is taken lightly.
There are many countries that haven't been unified and there are numerous stories of confrontations between the races and religions that are jumbled together. Conflicts are a repeated occurrence, and demons being rampant; it's a world with little safety.
However, those things is nothing more than information that I discovered in books.
For that reason, I want to travel the world, see and feel various things in reality, and teach my existing techniques to others as an educator.

Broadly itemizing it:
Attend school and learn about the society, take a trip to get acquainted with the world, be an educator……that kind of flow.

"The person I saw in my dreams taught various things to children. Although he

experienced hardship, he felt that it was immensely worthwhile, and it became something that I also want to do. In order to do that, I should first go to school for the sake of broadening my knowledge…"
"Sure enough, if that's the case, then going to school is necessary. However Sirius-*sama*'s attribute is……"

I guess the point is that I don't have an attribute, and that's a problem.
I could easily imagine being called an 'incompetent' and looked upon with eyes of contempt if it were to be discovered. The attendants were frowning, but only Noel nodded with a serious face.

"……I think it'll be okay."
"What has come over you Noel? Even though *you're* the one who understands the suffering of being isolated…"

Isolation……discrimination due to differences in race? She's cheerfully smiling now, but I wonder if she had a hard time in the past.

"Actually, Sirius-*sama* showed me his magic earlier. It was just one, but the skill was one that someone like me couldn't hold a candle to. Besides, there's also other spells in addition to that, right?"

Given that the assertive Noel asked that in my direction, I nodded for the time being. If I repeated the experiment, then it would appear as if I'm able to do it as many times as I wanted; but the gun spells would likely make them afraid, so I keep silent.

"He also already comprehends half of the intermediate level magic, and to be honest, I can't imagine just how much he will have matured after five more years. It seems like if someone was to pick a fight with him, he would turn the tables on them."

That's right. If I get attacked, then I'll attack them back.

"I've said it many times, but I believe that Sirius-*sama* will undoubtedly make a name for himself in the future. That's why I also want to do what I am able to do for him."
"……That's right, it's just as you say. We attendants only serve for the sake of the head of the household. Besides, it's Sirius-*sama*'s first wilful request, I want to grant it."

“Yeah! Let’s do our best!”
“Me, too.”

I certainly feel bad for the three of them who have roused themselves to action for my sake. But…well, I’ll presume upon these people’s benevolence for now.
I had intended to lightly say things like ‘educator’ and all, but it’s a bit embarrassing being so stupendously praised. But I *will* grow up so that I’m able to live up to those expectations.

“Thank you everyone. But there are five years, so let’s not overdo it.”
“Thank you for your concern. First is the entrance fee. While selling my compounded medicines, we will make up the insufficiency in funds.”
“Selling will be me.”
“I will check up on the school-related things in advance. It would be a waste for Sirius-*sama*’s talents to end here!”

Is what a wildly enthusiastic Noel said, but she looked lonely for an instant and I heard her murmur: ‘although I had completely given up on it’. Oh, I see… perhaps Noel’s enthusiasm is from having overlapped her past self with me. Not being able to attend school herself was probably a regret of hers.

“It looks like it will get busy from now on. Before that, Dee, give *that* to Sirius-*sama*.”
“Understood.”

Dee went and left the living room, returned after a short time, and that hand of his was grasping a sword. He handed me that sword, and because he was—with his eyes—calling for me to extract the sword, I pulled out the blade.

“This is?”
“A sword that I procured around the time when I was an adventurer. If it’s with this, then even against goblin opponents it won’t break, so please accept it.”

A sparse pattern is set into the 50 centimeter length of the blade, and it has a rustic handle; it’s a short sword with not one ornament on it. It’s a bit big for me—as a three-year-old child—to use, but I was pleased with its exterior that stressed utility.
However, this sword’s blade isn’t iron. It’s strong and solid but comparatively light. Swords are outside my area of expertise, but this isn’t something that is

sold everywhere.

"It's a weapon that somehow seems awfully good, but is it alright for me to accept it?"
"Not a problem. Because I am no longer an adventurer, and it's short for me, so this sword is one that I was keeping as a spare. I found that sword in the depths of a certain ruin, but it was too light to use it as a sword, so I took charge of it without being given a second glance by anyone. There was an occasion when I showed it to a weapons shop, but the qualities of its materials was unknown. I kept it as an *omamori*, but if it's for the current Sirius-*sama*, I think it's a weapon that's just right."

Oo, it's the first time Dee has been this talkative.
As he said, thinking about it in terms of the importance of its visual aspect, rather than handling it as a weapon, it's just about right for self-protection.
I'm not quite familiar with the sword, but it's not like it's cursed, so I'll gratefully accept it.

"Please take this. It is a belt to hang your sword on."
"Thank you. I will use it with great care."
"You look cool, Sirius-*sama*. With this, you are a splendid adventurer."

Dee is pleased with my expression of gratitude: the shape of his mouth slightly breaks into a smile. The adjustments to the size of the belt is also completed… if I equip this, then an adventurer is what I look lik—……there's no way that I do! It's impossible for a three-year old.

"Sirius-*sama*, you now possess a weapon, but please, never do anything unreasonable."
"Un, I know. What I did yesterday was me being impelled by necessity. Nevertheless, once I've become strong, I intend to fight goblins again. "
"I want you to avoid fighting as much as you can, but you do need the experience. However, next time, I ask that you please bring Dee with you without fail."

She is probably racked with worry, but Erina-*san* is holding that back *and* encouraging me. I think she really is a person of character. Wanting me to bring Dee with me, it's the least I could do for her isn't it?

Things like goblins would only take a moment if I used gun spells, but to defeat them directly, I want to regain the abilities of my previous life. I'm not inclined to repeat such a disgraceful fight: being showered with blood back-splatter with reckless abandon and only being able to defeat two at the same time.
Defeating three of them without getting covered in blood; that's the standard by which I could've done it while humming without any concern, *if* it was my previous self.
Using magic is fine. But I won't mature by being dependant on magic, in particular my gun spells: they're too powerful. If I really wanted to, then I think that sniping from a very long distance away would be feasible, but as a risk factor, there's also the possibility of me becoming pursued if it's discovered. Other than the times when it's necessary, let's go with hiding it as much as possible.
I'll usually have to make do with other magic and taijutsu.

This is how I was surrounded by understanding people, and the need to restrain my growth disappeared.

I also acquired the unknown power called 'magic', and looked forward to just how high I could go.

Well then, from now on it's *real training*.

Illustrations by Nardack

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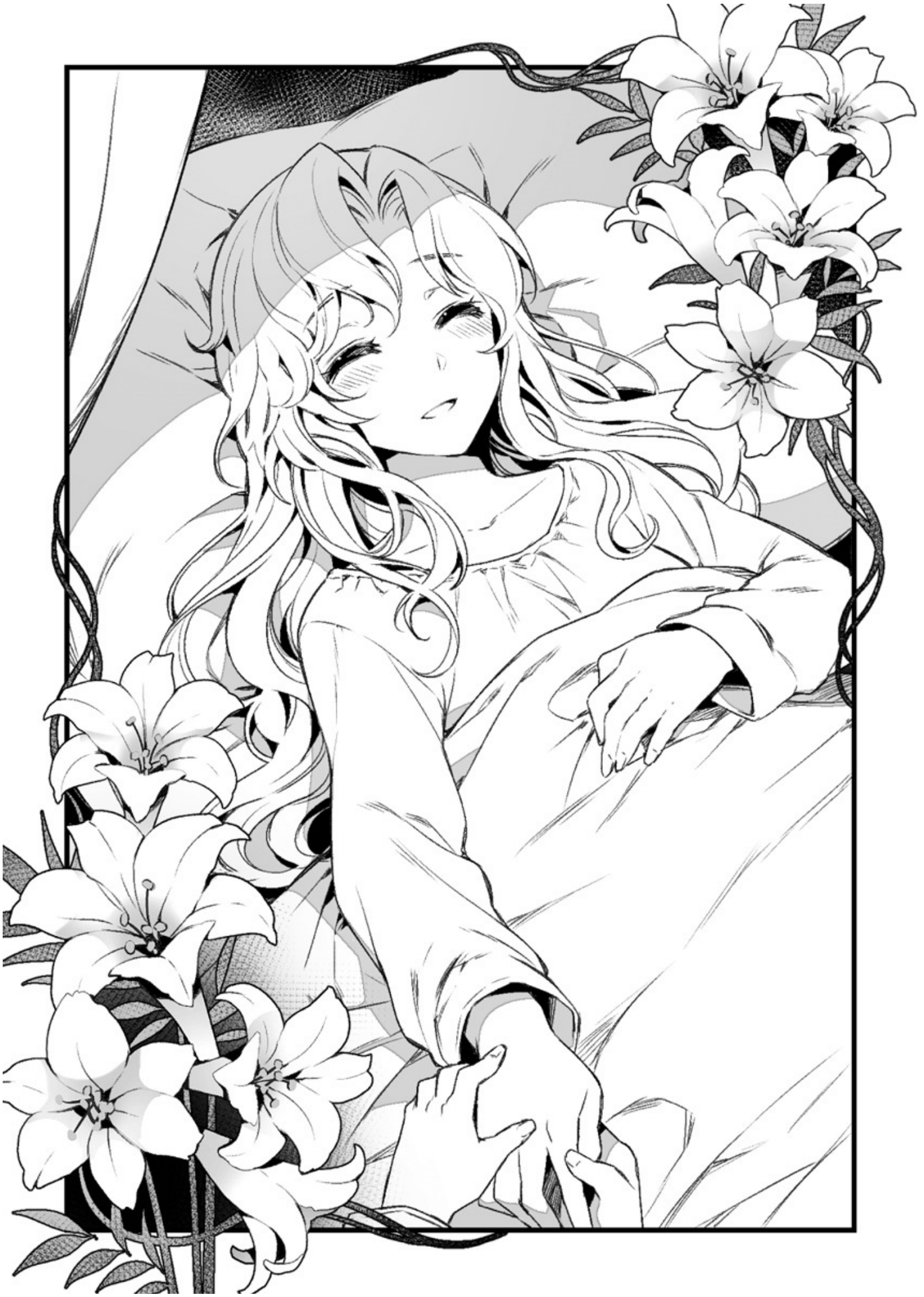
ワールドイーター
異世界式教育エージェント
OVERLAP



レウス Reus
シリウス Sirius
エミリア Emilia
ノエル Noel
エリナ Erina
シリウスたちの穏やかな日々――

「素人だな」
先の読める攻撃を避けるのは簡単だ。
時折大振りの攻撃が放たれるので、
その隙を突いて殴り返す。

《師匠》と《弟子たち》――

ERINA

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